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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE LOST SOUL.

MY dear lost ELMA!

I write her name with tears, and lay down my pen, and think. My mind drifts off into a sea of love and sorrow. I feel the presence of a spirit near me. I close my eyes, and see a sweet but pallid face, a vague but beautiful form. I hold them by my will, and live over a thousand solemn recollections. Stay with me a little longer, Elma, if only in a dream. Remain, I implore you! In vain, in vain! The figure vanishes: the dream is past. I awake, and find myself alone.

I have been thinking of my past life a great deal lately, and trying to understand it: but I cannot. It is a strange, dark mystery — an appalling night-mare. My friends try to persuade me that I am ill, and melancholy. 'You have lived and thought too much,' they say: 'you need repose and society. What seems to you a reality, is only a dream. You have but dreamed: nothing more.' You mean well, my good friends: but you are mistaken. I am not the man you think me:

'My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness  
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would gambol from.'

No: I am not mad; I am sane: too sane, alas! to be happy.

I foresee a difficulty in writing this narrative: it faces me on the threshold of it, and thrusts me grimly back. I am to recount my past life: but *which* life shall I recount? For I have lived two lives: one common to the race, the other peculiar to myself alone. Shall I describe my inner or my outer life? If I describe my outward life, I fear I shall be too common-place: if I describe my inward life, I shall be too subtle and metaphysical. If I blend the two, I may be successful.

The book of my youth opens in a city by the sea. I behold in the neighborhood of the wharves an antique dwelling, of yellow

brick. It stands at the end of a paved court-yard, with its front facing the street, and its back the wharves and ships. From my back-window I saw tall masts and black spars, with here and there a half-turled sail, and, beyond, the bright belt of the sea: from my front-window, I saw the paved court, the stony street, and the brick walls opposite.

My favorite walk lay among the wharves. I loved to stroll past the coils of rope, the pyramids of rusty chains, and the tar-barrels which cumber the side-walks of maritime neighborhoods, and past the great anchors, and the noisy forges, luminous with red-hot iron. The streets were filled with heavy drays, loaded with casks and bales: and around the doors of groceries and taverns stood groups of sailors, just come home from sea. I often picked my way down the crowded wharves, jostling authoritative stevedores and sweaty laborers, and reaching the water, sat down on the edge of the pier, and dreamed. In thought I unmoored the black hulls of the ships, and drifted out to sea, piloted by the winds. I tried to imagine the mysterious sea—an illimitable waste of waters, under a brooding sky and hanging clouds, and conjured up the winds that drove the billows. I saw the sky black with thunder, the forked lightning cleaving the air, and the billows, mountains high, crested with hissing foam. Anon the moon came, and the good ship sailed by its light. I pictured the tropic islands that sleep on the ocean like sea-birds: their coral reefs, their graceful palms, and the dusky savages that inhabit them, paddling their long canoes through the roaring wall of surf, or basking in front of their huts. But I soon came back to the pier, and the strata of civilization around me.

From my earliest years, I loved my fellow-men. I felt that they were my brethren, and my heart longed to embrace them. I peered curiously into the faces that I passed in the streets, and wondered who they were, and where and how they lived. I wondered whether the men had sweet-hearts and wives, or were alone on earth. Whether the women had husbands and children, or only lovers. Whether the children had parents, or were orphans, like myself. There was no end to the questions that flitted through my mind in my city walks. I have hardened my heart since then, and now I can look on mankind coldly. I passed a beggar on my way home to-night—an old, gray-headed man. Did I help him? I fumbled among the small change in my pocket, and withdrawing my hand, left him sitting there penniless in the rain.

Night has always been a happy season with me—a season of calm and peace. Year in and year out, I have sat for hours by my solitary lamp, plucking my thoughts as they budded, and binding them into little posies of song. Or I have pored over quaint old folios, until my eyes blinked with sleep. Having but few books in my youth, I used to while away my night hours at the open window. My favorite seat was at the back-window, which looked out on the harbor. Opposite the city was a small town, the lights of which were reflected in the water. When the night was calm, and the

waves were smooth, their long golden lines stretched clear across the harbor: when it was windy, they were broken into a thousand fragments. It was the custom then for the bells to ring every night at nine o'clock. The bells of the city began, and before they ceased, they were joined by those of the town opposite. There is something weird in the sound of a bell at night, and it always moves me strangely. It was sweet to sit at the window and hear the rich clangor of the city bells, softened and mellowed by distance, stealing over the dark water, and dying away in the dewy air. Peal followed peal, slowly and solemnly, stately mourners at the funeral of Music. The music was not of the earth, but of the air—the winds—the clouds. It seemed to me the music of the spheres.

I buried my face in my hands, and leaned my head on the window-sill, and dreamed dreams, and saw sights. Sun-set was my dream-hour, when I was a child: like secret writing held before a flame, my nature was revealed by its dying fires. In youth and manhood, I read the cipher of my soul at night. Its darkness was my light. My nature broadened and deepened. I discovered in it powers which I had not dreamed of before: new and strange feelings—mysterious and unearthly thoughts. I seemed to expand, and to pervade the room. I floated in the still night-air. I brooded on the dark water. I rose up to the stars. I knit my brow and closed my eyes; and, striving to concentrate my mind, the blank of my thought slowly became a face! It was as if the invisible moisture that fills the air should gradually become a mist, and then a cloud; or as if the light should gather and orb itself into a star. The face was vague and undefined, rather a dream of a face than a reality: still it was real to *me*. Was it the memory of a face that I had seen, or the hope of a face that I was to see?

I remember the time when I first beheld that face. It was in summer, and I stood in an old wagon in front of my grand-father's house. I saw the sky over my head as I had never seen it before. I heard the sound of voices in-doors, and caught a glimpse of a face at the window. The face was a picture, the voice an echo. The sky was, I knew not what, perhaps God! The universe seemed to stand still, to give me an opportunity of looking into my being. A moment, and the divine chance was past: my eyes were sealed again. The face was gone: the voice was heard no more!

Not far from my home in the city stood an ancient Episcopal church. It was probably named after some saint in the calendar, and known to the goodly as Saint Jude's, or Saint John's: but to the majority of the citizens it was merely the Seven Bells. It had seven great bells, and they were known the country over. On Sabbath mornings they lifted up their sonorous voices, and poured a seven-fold peal from the ivied belfry. They were sweet-toned, and in perfect tune; and the sexton, or whoever played upon them, was a rare musician. He never seemed to ring them loudly, yet we always heard them distinctly, even when the neighboring bells

were loudest. Their soft, low voices filled the pauses of the brazen anthem, and soared divinely above the tempest of sound.

It was a delight to sit at my front-window and hearken to their Sabbath chime, watching the while the church-going crowd below. I had read in an old school-book the story of an Italian bell-founder, who died in exile, in a foreign land, within the sound of some bells that he had cast. The story was nothing, but there were four lines of poetry in it which sang themselves in my memory whenever the seven bells rang. They were these :

‘THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!’

Hearkening to the seven bells one balmy Sabbath morning, a sudden impulse seized me to go to church. I dressed myself in my best clothes, and joining the multitude in the street, in a short time arrived at the old church. The bells ceased ringing as I crossed the threshold. While I waited for the sexton to show me a seat, my eye roamed over the dusky interior. The pews were already filled. A dim light struggling through the long windows, lay in squares across the sombre aisles. Over the windows which ran nearly up to the ceiling, were the heads of cherubim and seraphim. The rector sat in the pulpit, looking over his sermon. In a minute the sexton led me to a pew under the left gallery. I was hardly seated when the organ opened the morning service, rolling its heavy base through the trembling pile. It was as if a river of thunder were slowly rising, flowing along the aisles, and eddying around the pillars, mounting higher and higher, until it reached the roof, and drowned the whole building. The voices of the choir were heard at intervals, battling with the noisy waves. I folded my hands, and gave myself up to the music, which bore me along on its bosom, I knew not whither.

After the morning prayers were read, the minister began his discourse. It was one of a series based on the text : ‘*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?*’ Commencing, as I did, in the middle of the series, I had but a dim idea of the plan and unity of the whole : but what I had heard interested me greatly, not only for its beautiful ethics, but for its strangeness and novelty. The minister of the Seven Bells, I afterward learned, was a remarkable man. A profound theologian, he held the dogmas of theology in contempt : of the purest morals, and rigidly ascetic in his life, he was tolerant of the sins of others. He could beat a dialectician with his own weapons, and suit himself to the meanest understanding. He was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. His scholarship was great, in all departments of knowledge, ranging from the spiritualism of Swedenborg to the materialism of the physical philosophers. He studied man’s physical nature and needs, as well as his spiritual ones : he gave the poor food and clothing before he gave them tracts. ‘We

must save their bodies,' he would say, 'before we can save their souls.'

His sermon that day was on the nature and essence of the soul. He adverted to his sermon of the previous Sabbath, in which he dissected, so to speak, man's body; and then examined the doctrine of the materialists, who maintain the soul to be the result of his organization. Seeming to admit the truth of that icy creed, he ended by proving it a lie—the invention of the enemy of souls. He analyzed the instinct of the animals, and compared it with the reason of men; showed its limited range, and its radical difference from thought; and glanced at the phenomena of Mind, in its various manifestations. The substance of his discourse, as I have stated it here, wrongs the discourse itself sadly: from my *resumé* the reader may conclude it to have been metaphysical and obscure; but it was not. It was remarkably clear and simple. He was a perfect master of his subject; and, for the time, he made his hearers masters also. Forgetting his process of reasoning, they could not forget his deductions. When he taught them most, he appeared to teach them nothing which they did not already know. He made them know themselves.

'*What shall it profit a man,*' he said, repeating his text, like a refrain: '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*' But before a man can lose his soul, he must first find it. For he cannot lose what he does not possess. It is a common belief that all men have souls. I shall not controvert it. What I insist upon is this: that, soul or no soul before, there is a period in the life of man when his soul reveals itself to him; when he no longer guesses, or believes, that it exists, but knows and possesses the bright stranger. How many here,' said he, casting his eyes over the congregation, 'how many here to-day have found their souls?'

His doctrine was new and strange; yet it bore on its face the authentic seal of truth.

'Have you found your soul?' asked he, addressing an imaginary person in the church. I put the same question to myself; and lifting up my eyes, I saw in the opposite gallery a face that startled me. It seemed to me that I had seen it before; but where, I knew not. I gazed at it steadfastly and silently, and wondering where I could have seen it, unconsciously recalled my nightly dreams. I sat again at my back-window, and looked out on the dark water. I heard the clangor of bells, and saw in the heaven of thought a mysterious face. It was the face before me! Nor did I merely see a face, but a form; the beautiful form of a woman. She was in the front seat of the right gallery, directly opposite the pew in which I sat. The gallery was dusk at the time, so dusk that I could scarcely see the faces of the congregation there; nor had I seen hers, but for a window, whose half-opened blinds let in a stream of religious light. It poured in from the upper half of the blind, I remember, and, passing over the heads of those behind her, fell around her in a golden shower. She was dressed in white,



neatly and simply, and her bonnet was off. Her hair fell down her neck in ringlets, and the ringlets glistened and threw out a halo. Her brow was high and pale, a dome of meditation and thought. Her face was pale, very pale; but some unwonted emotion had slightly flushed it. Her eyes were closed; her lips moved, as if in prayer. 'Pray for me, sweet one,' I murmured: 'oh! pray for me.' She hearkened a moment to my whispered words, and then her lips moved again. I clasped my hands, and prayed with her. 'Have you found your soul yet?' inquired the rector solemnly. His question thrilled me like a voice from heaven. I coupled it with the woman before me, and shuddering with awe and ecstasy, I shouted, 'I have found her!' and sank back in a swoon. When I came to myself, she stood beside me. I stared at her wildly, caught her hand and pressed it to my lips, and allowed her to lead me away like a child.

I kept a firm hold of her arm as we walked through the streets, for I was fearful of losing her in the crowd.

'I am better now,' I said at length, 'and able, I think, to find my way alone. Instead of your going with me to my house, I will go with you to yours. Show me the way.'

'At present, our ways are the same,' she said with a smile.

'I am glad of that,' I answered warmly, pressing her arm to my breast.

'And I, too,' she replied, casting her eyes on the ground.

We walked in silence until we reached my home.

'I live here,' I said.

'And I, too.'

It was even so. Elma dwelt in the same house with me, and I knew it not. How blind I had been!

I look back upon this part of my life with a sweet but melancholy joy. I would fain describe the growth of my love for Elma: how it flashed up in my heart like an electric fire when I saw her in the church: how it broadened and deepened, filling my life with light and music and beauty: but, alas! my words are weak. They refuse to bear the burden of memory, even when that burden is a perfect bliss!

I was no longer the man that I had been. A change had come over me, or over the world and men. I walked the world like one in a dream. I was in a new world; a brighter and better world than the old creation of my childhood. Unknown to myself, I had drawn gradually near it, step by step approaching its shining borders, when suddenly there came an angel to me, and in a moment I was in Paradise! Old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

I loved!

What a heaven lies in that little word — LOVE! It is unfathomable: it cannot be defined. It is too noble for words: its subtle essence escapes even the clutch of Thought. We feel it, but we cannot describe it. The inspiration of poets for thousands of years, it flies their sweetest songs. The spices and the sepulchre are



there, but the LORD is frown. But I will not rhapsodize. It is enough to say—I loved.

The Providence which had thrown me in Elma's way was kinder to us than to most lovers; for after we had once met, we were seldom parted. We met as strangers; but we did not part as such. We were friends the moment we met; old friends, it seemed. The friendship between us was of ancient date. Our love was not so much a new bond, as the renewal of an old one. It was the most natural thing in the world that we should meet and love, as we did: the wonder was, that we had not met and loved before. We compared our recollections of childhood, and I was amazed at their many resemblances. Elma, I gathered from her conversation, had been in the village where I was born, and knew all its localities. In certain moods she had a singular gift of memory; a magnetic power over the Past. I have heard her describe in trances the landscape of my childhood, grouping scene after scene on a mental canvas, painting with words as picturesquely as an artist with colors. I have known her to repeat my very thoughts. 'I know your secrets,' she would sometimes say; 'you cannot hide them from me.'

Elma and I were seldom apart. Sometimes she would come and sit in my room, and read to me; but oftener I went to her chamber, and feasted my eyes with her beauty. I have watched her for hours in silence, scarcely breathing, hanging on her lightest look. I loved to sit at her feet, and feel her fingers on my throbbing brow. Her white hand fell upon me like a benediction from God. The walls of her chamber were the boundaries of my world. I could have been content to live there forever.

'In this little room,' said I one day to her, 'you and I sit and love. Beneath and around us lies the city: houses that shut out the light of heaven, and stony streets where the noises of life roar. Men and women go to-and-fro on their earthly errands, wasting the golden moments of the never-returning day. But we, dear Elma, are wiser; we are happy in each other's arms. You push the dark hair from my eyes, and press your lips to my forehead; I gaze in your eyes, and dream of heaven. Pass on, ye crowds, pass on! we have no business to transact with you. Your aims and interests are not ours. You work for bread, and gold, and power. We only live for love.'

The chimes of the seven bells summoned us to the old church every Sabbath morning. Apart from its sacred character, it was dear to us, because it was there that we first met. Elma would tap on my door at day-break, and I would rise and dress myself, and read the morning-prayer in the stillness of my chamber. Though I have long ceased to pray, I love to recall those solemn seasons of prayer. They lifted me above the Earth and Time. I seemed to knock at the gate of Heaven, and the LORD of Heaven seemed to answer me.

At last we were married.

We plighted our faith one beautiful spring night, under a whole

heaven of stars. We were married the next winter, on a bright December morning; not as I could have wished, in the Seven Bells, but in a dingy little church in a distant city. I never pass that church without a thrill at my heart. Only last Sunday I made a pilgrimage to it in the rain. It stands in a narrow and crooked street, in a poor neighborhood—a plain, low edifice of common gray stone. When we reached the church, the minister was waiting for us. He slipped on his robe and band as we entered, and led us to the altar. We followed him up the aisle, wrapped in solemn thought. I dared not look at Elma, my heart was so full. I saw the minister reading the marriage service; I heard the words as they came from his lips. I responded, I believe, in the right place; but my brain whirled, my heart beat, and the blood left my cheeks. It was over at last. The ring was on her finger: she was mine—mine! I gave her my arm, and led her down the aisle, and into the street. Neither spoke. We parted at the door, as we had agreed; and she went home alone—to weep, perhaps to pray! I wandered about the city till noon, drunk with the wine of love. She was mine—mine! Elma was my wife!

Not long after our marriage, we moved from the city to a cottage on the sea-shore. We were just far enough from the city to be out of its distractions, and yet near enough to it to feel its influence on our lives. The best and happiest life, I have always thought, should alternate between town and country. Our cottage stood in a curve of a little bay. It was built on a narrow neck of land, with the sea on one side of it, and a belt of woods on the other. It was spring when we moved there, and the trees had just begun to leaf: a delicate greenness was visible in their dark entanglement of boughs. Tender blades of grass were shooting up in the fields, and a few early birds twittered along the roadside.

Elma's chamber looked out on the woods and the sea; but mine looked only on the village. I could never write well in sight of a noble landscape, because I could never sufficiently abstract myself from it. Unlike the painter, whose genius needs the form and color on which his eyes feed, the poet works best when he communes with his soul alone. I was a poet, and I gave myself up to my art. I loved it better than any thing in the world, except my sweet Elma. It was she who made me a poet. She taught me to read my nature, its desires and powers, and showed me that I was set apart for song. I was inspired by her. I saw with her eyes; I sang to the music of her voice. For a long time I had but one theme—Love. It was the spirit of all my songs, the bloom and aroma of my thoughts. It moulded itself in a thousand different forms, seizing upon every fresh creation of my mind. I lived, moved, and had my being in an atmosphere of love. I could not write in the room with Elma, or where I could see her, so all-absorbing was my passion; but when I locked myself up in my own room, and let my impassioned memory have its way, I wrote with ease the most perfect poems. I had only to remember

what I felt, and the rhyme and the rhythm came. I read my poems to Elma as I wrote them: she rewarded me with smiles and praises. Sometimes, however, she chided me.

'Your poems are sweet,' she would say, 'but limited in their range. Your walk is too narrow. You must see more of the world and life.'

'You are my life and my world, Elma; I desire no other.'

'I know you love me now; but hereafter, who can say that you will not change? I mean not that you should love me less, but that you should love others more. The poet must not isolate himself from the world. He must have a warm, large heart, and quick sympathies, and must suffer and rejoice with mankind. Not otherwise can he know them, and help them.'

'But I do not wish to know them,' I would answer: 'it is enough for me to know myself, and you.'

The great defect of my nature has always been a feeling of self. I feel my own personality too strongly. I am not so much selfish, as tenacious of my individuality. I will not sacrifice myself. It was years before I learned that this was my bosom sin; for I used to think I was a martyr to others. Elma undeceived me on that point before our marriage. With all her love, she saw me as I was, not as I imagined myself to be, and she was courageous enough to tell me of my faults. I acknowledged them, and promised, by her help, to purify my nature. How could I refuse her any thing? She was the soul of sweetness and goodness—a pure and perfect woman. I realized in her my idea of an angel. She was religious; but she was good, also, else I had not loved her. Her religion was an accident, the result of circumstances; her goodness was herself. She was a member of the Seven Bells, where we met, and she practised the forms and ceremonials of the Episcopal Church. Their solemnity and beauty impressed her. The simple grandeur of the Episcopal prayers, the finest specimens of our good old Saxon tongue out of Holy Writ: the grave reading of the service; the music of the chants; the voices of the singers blending with the roll of the organ; the heavy pillars; the stained windows; the broad aisles; the dark fretted roof; all these things are powerful to a young and imaginative mind. I am no longer young or imaginative: but I feel them still.

The window of my study gave me a view of the village. Looking westward along a little curve of the bay, I saw a score of cottages, new and old, some standing out sharply and boldly, offending the eye with their glaring white fronts and green blinds; while others, that were old and weather-stained, were scarcely to be distinguished from their dusk back-ground of woods. A lane led from our cottage to the road. The road ran along the shore a short distance, till it made a turn, and was lost in the village. On its hither side was a blacksmith's forge and a carpenter's shop; farther on were two ship-yards, in one of which a ship was being built: the sky shone through its mammoth ribs. Here and there were glimpses of orchard-trees. Beyond, in the heart of the vil-

lage, stood a little church with a square belfry, whose corners were crowned with towers. In this unpicturesque place Elma and I buried ourselves after our honey-moon.

We were never tired of walking in the woods, and listening to the wind among the leaves. When the wind was still, we heard the dash of the waves. Near the edge of the wood there was a tall rock, on whose top we used to sit and watch the sea. I loved the sea on sunny days, when its dancing surface dazzled my eyes: but Elma liked it best when the sky was clouded over.

'Give me,' she would say, 'the dark green water: it rests me, and makes me strong.'

In the distance we saw the sea-gulls swooping from their airy heights, and skimming the foam; and, now and then, the white gleam of a sail, flitting into dimness. The open horizon enlarged my mind: the sea lent its freedom to my songs.

We brought with us from the city a goodly collection of books, among which were translations of Plato, and the French philosophers. My favorite reading was the great masters of song: but Elma gave herself up to philosophy. It was her passion. She had a divine thirst for knowledge, which nothing could quench or satisfy. No science was too abstruse for her, no speculation too mystical. I wanted something that I could see and grasp: sensuousness, and the picturesque in poetry, and the practical in philosophy. Elma yearned for the abstract: for ideal beauty and truth. She understood me much better than I understood her. I felt that, even when our pursuits separated us most. Sometimes when I was satiated with poetry, I would ask her to read to me; and she would open Plato, and strive to illuminate my darkness. I acknowledged the beauty of the writing; but I could not understand the thought with which it was freighted. She tried to make it clear by simile and illustration; but I could not follow her: she spoke an unknown tongue. I was of the earth, earthy: she, of the heavens, heavenly.

We attended the village-church every Sabbath: Elma, through a sincere spirit of piety; I, rather from habit than devotion. The minister was a good man; but he was dull and common-place. He taught me nothing new: he tired me. I remembered the intellectual discourses which I had heard at the Seven Bells, and shrugged my shoulders. I missed the impressive reading of the Episcopal service, the solemn music of the organ. I drew unfavorable comparisons: was exacting, contemptuous, witty. Instead of being humbled by Religion, I was exalted by Intellect. Not so Elma. She humbled her intellect, and exalted her religion. Though I had ceased to share her religious raptures, I did not cease to respect them: they were genuine and noble in her. I never loved her more than when I saw her at prayer: the whisper of her silent lips, and the droop of her serious eyes, touched me like mournful music. And when her ecstatic soul lit up her pallid cheeks, and the tears gushed from her eyes, I could have fallen down and kissed her feet.

In our conversations, Elma and I discussed the problem of man's life.

'Why was he sent on earth?' I would ask.

'To glorify his MAKER,' she answered.

'But he does not glorify HIM, Elma, and will not, while the earth stands. He comes of a bad stock. The centuries may turn him from the evil Past; but an evil Future is before him. He travels in a circle. If he glorifies God, it is through ignorance, or under compulsion. It is wrested from him. He lives his little day, like a May-fly in the sun, buzzing and glancing about till evening, when he dies. He works in the earth, like the blind mole that he is, digging his own grave. Look on mankind to-day: picture to yourself all the kingdoms of the earth, the continents, and the islands of the sea, peopled with human beings: mark their daily lives, the nothings that they pursue; their thirst for gold and power; their petty loves and hates; their ungovernable lusts and sins: are they worthy of the world in which they live? — worthy of God their Maker? They are not worthy of themselves. They are below even their own standard, which is low enough, God knows. We are knaves, fools, all of us, and there's an end of it.'

My bitterness saddened Elma: she shook her head, and was silent. I felt that she could have answered me had she chosen to, and I was angry with her because she did not.

Little by little I began to neglect my wife: slightly and unconsciously at first, but wilfully and persistently afterward. I ceased to notice her closely. I forgot the way she wore her hair; her favorite colors and flowers; her little likes and dislikes. No longer the aroma of my thoughts, she passed out of my mind for hours at a time. She came into the room where I sat without my seeing her, and departed as she came. When I did see her, it was as if I saw a portrait, not a person. My eyes were hard and cold: she made no impression on me. There was a lack of sympathy between us. It was my fault, I know, but I insisted that it was hers.

'You do not love me,' I said.

'I do,' she answered, sadly: 'but you do not love me. You love yourself.'

She was right: I loved myself alone.

I hugged my personality to my heart, like the most precious thing in the world. I withdrew into myself, and shut the gates against mankind. I gave up poetry for a season, and devoted my days to philosophy, plunging head-long into the sea of speculation. Turn whichever way I would, the mystery of life faced me. I could not shut it out.

'Why am I here?' I asked Elma one day.

'To live,' she answered.

'I suppose so,' I replied testily; 'but to live how? What must I do to be happy?'

'Be good.'

'But what is goodness? As the world goes, I *am* good. I obey

the moral code, and wrong no man. I pay my debts: am neither a thief nor a liar. I do not commit adultery or murder: still I am not happy.'

'You are too proud,' she said.

'I did not expect that from you, Elma; from you, who, I fancied, knew me so well. But grant me proud, as you say, have I not reason to be so? I am not like common men, made of the clay of the earth, but a Poet, a Thinker, an Intelligence. There is one law for the lesser, and another for the greater: their orbits are not the same. I cannot revolve happily in the sphere of my inferiors: their pleasures are pains to me; their goodness evil. I must have a broader and larger life: my enjoyments must be less limited, my knowledge more profound. My senses are keen, my passions eager: I will follow them. To know life, is the mission of the poet. But to know it, he must drain it to the dregs: he must taste the bitter as well as the sweet. I know what you would say,' I continued, for I saw she was about to speak: "There is sin in this:" but you are wrong. There is no such thing as sin. It is not our actions which are good, or bad, but their consequences. The consequences may affect ourselves, but they cannot affect our MAKER. He sits enthroned on the inaccessible heights of the universe, and the world revolves before Him. He hears the thunder of cannon from battle-fields, and the roll of organs from cathedrals: the prayers of those who worship — the curses of those who fight. They disturb not His eternal calm:

"Fill the can and fill the cup!  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again."

I saw by Elma's looks that she was shocked beyond measure. To her pure and simple nature, my skeptical sophistries were blasphemy. She sighed deeply, and left me. I heard her go to her own room and pray. I smiled, and commenced a poem!

The life that we had led in the city, in the first flush of our happiness; the fervor of our impassioned hearts, and the earnestness and depth of our religion, were too much for one so delicate as Elma. She began to droop and fade. The spring, however, revived her: and what with our calmer thoughts and feelings, and our walks by the wood and sea, her eye recovered its brightness, and her cheek its bloom. But now she began to fade again. Her cheek grew pale and thin, and her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy: the lids drooped heavily, as if they ached with weeping. An indescribable languor oppressed her. She would sit for hours with her hands folded, and her eyes closed, seemingly in a dream — lost to every thing around her. Then she would start suddenly, as if something had touched her, open her mournful eyes, and heave a profound sigh. I pushed from my heart the feelings of pity which she awakened: I shut remorse from my thoughts. 'She is nervous and whimsical,' I said, 'and not over



strong. But she will be better soon. I will not yield to her fancies.' So I went on writing my poems.

Occasionally we took long walks in the woods, as we had been accustomed to do, but the old pleasure was gone. There was a coldness and constraint between us, which marred our enjoyment of nature. We saw every thing with different eyes. We spoke but little; chiefly on indifferent topics; like friends about to become enemies. I hid my thoughts from Elma, for I fancied she could not sympathize with them, and she hid hers from me. It was a pretence on both sides, for we knew each other thoroughly. I remember but one of our woodland walks, in which we were our old true selves. It was at the close of a calm afternoon in the last days of autumn. We had sauntered on for a time in silence, hearkening to the rustling of leaves, when we reached the edge of the wood. Through the last ranks of the trees we saw the village illuminated by the setting sun. The windows of the nearer cottages burned redly, while a tender and pensive light lingered on their walls. Something sweet and melancholy in that light recalled the smiles of my wife. I turned and gazed in her face. We looked at each other long and sadly. A flood of tender memories swept over my soul. We rushed into each other arms, and wept.

I was dejected and melancholy all the evening. My mind was full of regrets for the past, and apprehensions for the future. 'If I should die to-night?' I thought. I went to bed early, leaving Elma up, reading. I had a great mind to kneel down and pray before I slept; but pride and shame prevented me. I undressed myself forgetfully, and crept into bed. 'As I lie here now,' I said, 'I shall one day lie in the grave.' I closed my eyes, laid my hands on my breast, and tried to imagine myself dead. My brain grew drowsy. I heard Elma come in the room where I was, but before she could undress, I was asleep.

As she was the last thing in my thoughts, she passed into my sleep, and peopled my dreams. At first my dreams were too vague and dim to remember; rather the unrest of the body than the activity of the mind; but they perplexed and troubled me, nevertheless. I was haunted with a sense of danger somewhere. Wandering from one dusky realm to another, passing shadows and phantoms and shapes, I found myself at last in a land that seemed familiar to me, walking side by side with Elma. We cheered our journey with pleasant talk and songs, now and then plucking the flowers from the road-side. I was seized with a desire to loiter, but Elma was for going on to our journey's end. 'We will stay here,' I said, and stretched forth my hand to detain her. 'I must go,' she replied, and glided from me. I clutched her robe angrily, but it slipped through my fingers like mist! I clutched at it again, but failed to reach it. 'I must leave you,' she said. I was alarmed. My heart leaped: I awoke, and sat upright in bed. The room was intensely dark: I could see nothing. I heard the muffled tick of the clock in the next chamber, and the sea washing on the shore. All other sounds were hushed: the night was breathless. The



stillness and darkness frightened me: my blood froze in my veins. I stretched forth my arms and felt for Elma. She was gone! I sprang out of bed, and groped for her, overturning the furniture in all directions, as I rushed about the room. I found her at last, lying on the floor senseless. I lifted her in my arms—a cold, dead weight, and bore her to the bed. I chafed her hands and temples, and finally succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Then I lighted a lamp and held it up to her face. It was haggard, ghastly, death-like.

‘Are you dying, Elma?’ I whispered.

She shook her head. I dared not believe her. I threw myself on my knees, and stormed the gates of Heaven with prayer. ‘Give her back to me, O God!’ I said: ‘she is my life, and I cannot lose her!’ I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. While I wept, I felt a light touch on my head—a hand that caressed and soothed me. I pressed it to my lips reverently, and rose with a lighter heart. She motioned me to remove the lamp. I placed it on the floor, and shading the light from her eyes, seated myself by the bed-side in an arm-chair. The rest of the night was spent in watching.

A few days afterward, Elma seemed to have regained her strength, and I started for the city alone. She gave me a parting kiss at the door, and watched me till I was out of sight. I looked back as I went down the road: she waved her hand to me as long as I could see her.

It was twilight when I reached the city; the dusk of a sober autumnal day. The last beams of evening had faded, and the lamps were being lighted. The streets were crowded with men who were hurrying home after their day’s work. The tide set so strongly in one direction through the principal thoroughfare, that I was carried with it, whether I would or no. Seldom merry in a city at any time, I am always melancholy in one at sun-set. I never feel so much alone as when I am jostled by a crowd at night. ‘They are going,’ I think, ‘to their wives and children, to the comforts and joys of home. Bright eyes will grow brighter when they come; love-words and kisses will be exchanged; and tiny little hands will be outstretched, eager to clasp their necks. I have no children, no wife, no home.’

A feeling of lonesomeness came over me as I was borne along by the crowd. To rid myself of it, I stopped at the theatre. The curtain was up when I entered, the play was just commenced. It was that strange and dark attempt to solve the riddle of life, the old story of Faust. Faust was on the stage, bewailing the nothingness of knowledge. He pored over his books of magic, and summoned the demon to his aid. ‘He should not have done that,’ I said; ‘he should have trusted to himself alone. We are strong when we rely upon ourselves, weak when we rely on others.’ Suddenly the demon appeared, rising from the stage at his feet. ‘I wonder how a man would feel,’ I said, ‘if the devil should appear to him? It would depend somewhat on the form the devil

took, I fancy, but more on the man's nerves. It would terrify most men: it would shock even me, but not so much as to prevent my speaking to his Highness! But pshaw! there is no devil. I might believe in an angel now, could I only see one; but a devil, that myth is exploded.' In the mean time, Faust and the demon had come to an understanding. The demon was to give Faust all the pleasures of the world, in exchange for which he was to have his soul. 'Faust,' I said, 'was a great fool to buy what he could have had for nothing; but the devil, a greater fool still, to buy what he could not have at all. The world belongs to man, and man to God. Now, the world belonging to man, the devil has no right to sell it to him. And man belonging to God, he has no right to sell himself to the devil. And, having no right, of course the bargain is null. So you see, devil, you are cheated.'

While my brain was spinning this web, the scene had changed, and instead of the study of Faust, I saw a street at Nuremberg. On one side of it was a tavern; on the other, the entrance to a cathedral. The back-ground was made up of quaint old houses, with pointed gable-roofs. Three or four roysterers sat in front of the tavern drinking, and bands of grave citizens, burghers and their wives, filed into the cathedral. The musicians of the theatre were behind the scenes playing a mass. While my eye was taking in the picture, and my ear the music, Faust appeared again, no longer the haggard student in his thread-bare suit, but a young and gallant cavalier, arrayed in mantle and plume. Mephistopheles dogged him like his shadow. They stationed themselves behind the roysterers, who had come to the bottom of their tankards, and watched the last of the church-goers. The procession ended, the stage business paused a moment, and then Margaret entered, on her way to church. She moved across the stage slowly, apparently lost in thought. Her garb was neither that of a peasant-girl nor a gentlewoman, but something between both — a simple but graceful gown, fitting tight to the waist, and ending in a small train. She wore a quaint little cap on her head, and carried a prayer-book in her hand. Faust lifted his cap as she passed him, and gazed after her admiringly. Mephistopheles shrugged his shoulders. She reached the threshold of the church, bowed her head reverently as she crossed it, and was lost in the music within. 'How sweet and pure she is!' I said; 'how tragic too! Poor child! poor child!' I forgot that I was looking at an actress, who was playing a part; I seemed to behold the real Margaret. She was no poetic abstraction, but a sweet and touching reality. Pursuing the thought, and hearkening to the music which was still playing behind the scenes, it flashed across my mind that the meeting of Faust and Margaret was like that of Elma and myself. 'He met Margaret outside of the church,' I added mentally, 'while I met Elma inside.'

Up to this moment I had taken an interest in the play, however slight, but now it was gone: my thoughts ran on Elma. I lived over the last few months of my life, and regretted the change that

had taken place in my feelings toward her. I recalled her patience and gentleness, her sincere and earnest piety; I recalled her genius and her loveliness. 'She is too good for me,' I said, shaking my head mournfully. I closed my eyes and pictured her in our little cottage by the sea. It was night, and she was in her room. She sat by the round table, in the light of the astral lamp, writing a letter. I peeped over her shoulder and read the word, 'Return!' The music was still playing, but its spirit had changed, for the curtain had fallen on the first act, and the musicians were again in the orchestra. These were playing one of Strauss's waltzes. Elma laid down her pen when the waltz commenced, and went to the window and looked out into the night. She stood there a moment, straining her sight through the pane, and then took down her hood and cloak. She opened the door, and glided out into the lane. The wind blew back her hood, and I saw her pale face in the darkness. The sickly moon had been shining through a ragged cloud, but it set now, and the sky began to drop rain; it was intensely dark. The waltz went on merrily, whirling and whirling, but it grated on my ear. I could not keep Elma out of my mind; her leaving the house so late, alarmed me. 'What a fool I am,' I thought, 'to be cheated so by my fancy;' but I could not reassure myself. My heart beat rapidly, my eyes filled with tears. I rose and left the theatre.

It was a dark and rainy night without, but the streets were crowded still, and the shop-windows were bright. I lingered awhile on the steps of the theatre, looking up and down the city, uncertain where to go. 'I will walk off my melancholy,' I said at length, 'and then go to a hotel and sleep.' I wrapt my cloak about me and plunged into the crowd again. There is something strange and grim in a city at night, and I never felt it so profoundly as I did then. The long avenues of lamps that stretched away in the distance; the broad window-plates, roughened and dimmed by the rain; the shining, sloppy pavement, that muffled the noise of my feet; the shadowy figures that jostled me in the light, and disappeared in the darkness. How unreal they all seemed, how lonesome they made me feel! 'I wish I had some body to talk with,' I said; 'I am heartily sick of myself. Won't some body speak to me? ask me a question, or let me ask one? any thing for a few pleasant words. The sound of a friendly voice would do me good. Friendly, forsooth! There is not a soul in this great city that cares whether I live or die! I might throw myself under the feet of the horses in the street, or go down to the river and plunge into the black water — who would save me?' I stopped the next man that I met and inquired the way to a hotel. He cursed me for stopping him, and hurried on without giving me an answer. 'I thought these dusky figures were men,' I said, 'but I was wrong; they are evil phantoms. If I believed in devils I should say they were abroad to-night; but the only devils are men.' As I said this, I was seized by the arm. Before me stood a woman, a brazen creature, bedecked with flowers and feathers, and deeply

rouged. She cast a leer in my face from her bold black eyes, and attempted to take my hand. I shook her off, and passed on.

I could not shake off my melancholy; it deepened every moment. My nerves were irritated, my heart was as heavy as lead: I was very wretched. And, to add to my discomfort still more, I found that I was wet through. Shivering with cold, and reckless with wretchedness, I entered a saloon, and called for a bottle of wine. It was brought me. I poured out a brimming glass, and drank it. 'It is the true vintage,' I said, and filled again. I held the golden sweetness to the light, and watched the little bubbles as they rose to the surface. 'There they go, the tiny jewels, shining and wavering upward, until they are lost in the bed of jewels above them. The wine is a perfect Golconda. It will enrich my sluggish blood and kindle my brain. It is like drinking the sun-shine to sip it. I taste the flavor of summer, the light and warmth of the south. I will fill again.' I drained the glass, and leaned back in the box. 'I wonder I did not think of this before: what a fool I was! This is comfort now, solid comfort. My blood begins to run warmly in my veins; my heart grows as light as a feather. I'll have another bottle.' I remember drinking the second bottle, but after that, my memory was confused. I paid some body something; walked somewhere in the dark; was dazzled by a great chandelier; danced a waltz to the sweetest saddest music, (but perhaps that was a dream;) took a coach: I can remember no more till morning.

It was a dull day when I rode home; cold without wind, and damp without fog. The roads were miry from the rain over night; puddles of muddy water had fallen in the wagon ruts, and in the prints of the horses' feet. The woods through which I journeyed were bare; all bare skeleton forests of withered trees, whose dead leaves were rotting on the ground. There was no heaven above me; only a dim gray roof of mist, an indistinct dreariness, that weighed upon my soul. The sky was pitiless.

I rode on in a strange mood, perplexed with a double consciousness. I saw the dull sky, the dead trees, the stagnant water, not as in a real landscape, but as in a picture. They passed before my sight, but left no impression on my brain. There was another picture on my mind, and for my life I could not banish it thence; it would not depart. As a picture, it was beautiful, and instead of troubling, it should have delighted me, but it did not. The thought that it was not so much a picture as a remembrance, filled me with apprehension and grief. I tried to persuade myself it was but the creation of my heated fancy, but something told me it was a reality all the while.

I saw in my dream a richly-furnished chamber. The walls were lined with yellow damask, and hung with voluptuous paintings. The mantle was loaded with bronze and alabaster vases. The chairs and couches were rose-wood and satin. A Turkey carpet of the deepest dyes covered the floor. The window-curtains were crimson and lace. On a small mosaic stand were two Bohemian

goblets and a flask of wine. In one of the goblets I spied a woman's bracelet. Beside the stand, thrown carelessly across a chair, was a rumpled ball-dress; on the floor lay a wreath of flowers.

The chamber was dusk at first, but by-and-by the fierce light streamed in, and I saw, what I had not before noticed, a sleeping woman! Her bed was in a small alcove, behind a half-drawn curtain. She lay, with her face to the light, fast asleep. One arm was doubled under her head, the other was thrown outside on the quilt. It was a miracle of symmetry I saw, and the little taper fingers were loaded with rings. Her heavy black hair was unbound, and its long tresses straggling over the white pillow, had crept into her whiter bosom. But her face, her beautiful voluptuous face; the ripe curve of her lip; the fresh little rose-bud in her cheek; the delicate droop of her eye-lid — I cannot describe them. She was youth, beauty, passion! 'These,' said I to myself, with a bitter smile, 'these be the devils that lead men to their ruin.'

It was evening when I drew near the village. The sun had set behind a mass of dark clouds, piled one upon another, like ruins; between their ragged rifts, the crumbling walls of temples and palaces, his lurid light was spreading rapidly. In a short time the whole west was a red core of fire. A turn of the road brought me in sight of home. I strained my eyes through the dusk, hoping to see Elma coming to meet me; but she came not. I spurred my horse into the lane, and galloped up to the house; still she came not. I dismounted and ran to the door. It was open; I entered; still she came not! I went to her room; it was empty. I ran to mine; that was empty too. 'Elma, where are you?'

I ran back to her chamber. 'Perhaps she is hiding,' I said. I looked behind the door; she was not there. I threw open the window-curtains; she was not there. Neither was she under the table, nor on the bed. I could not find her. 'Elma! Elma! where are you?'

I ran to my own room again, and searched that, peering into every nook and corner; I could find her nowhere. 'Great God! what has happened? Perhaps she has gone out to visit a neighbor. I will go and see.' I mounted my horse and galloped through the village; but no one had seen her!

I went back to the house, determined to know the worst. I was calmer than I had been, my distraction had given way to apathy. The blow had stunned me. I walked about quietly, rather like a guest in a strange mansion than a man in his own house. I noticed every thing. My curiosity was roused; I was piqued to get to the bottom of the mystery. I lighted a lamp, and went into my room. It was exactly as I had left it. My books were piled on the table; my paper and pens were untouched. There lay the draft of my great poem, 'The Bridal of the Soul,' ending abruptly in the middle of a stanza! I went to Elma's room again, and scrutinized it closely. Every thing seemed to be in order: the chairs were in their places; the guitar hung on its peg, and on the little marble

stand lay her work-basket and scissors. Her chair was drawn up to the round table, and on the table stood the astral lamp, just as I had seen it in my thoughts. I started. 'There should be a letter,' I murmured. There *was* a letter! I tore it open and read. It said, '*Return!*' I threw myself in the chair, and buried my face in my hands. 'I *have* returned,' I muttered bitterly, 'and this is what awaits me!' I rocked-to-and fro in my misery. 'You asked me to come back to you, Elma, and I have come. I ask you now to come back to me.' I spoke to the vacant air; there was no reply. 'Come back,' I moaned, 'come back! I am not worthy of you, I know. I have sinned, and wronged you deeply. But if you give me up, I am lost. Come back! come back! come back!' I sobbed aloud.

The letter was still in my hands, and after my first wild burst of grief, I read it again. How imploring it looked on the paper, that mournful word, '*Return!*' 'There may be something else written over leaf,' a faint hope whispered; I clutched at the suggestion, and turned the leaf. Something else *was* written there, and it was blotted with tears. '*IT IS TOO LATE!*' I pored on the awful words until they multiplied themselves and covered the page. I crumpled them up in my hand, but I saw them still. They hovered in the air before me; they danced on the chamber wall. They were written every where. '*IT IS TOO LATE!*' It was the burden of every sound. I heard it in the chirp of the cricket on the hearth, the tick of the clock in the corner, the moan of the wind in the chimney. And the sea without, creeping stealthily over the sands: the exulting dark sea hissed it in the ear of Night: '*IT IS TOO LATE!*'

'I shall go mad,' I shrieked, 'if I stay in this cursed room!' So I rose and fled.

That night I locked up the house and threw the key into the sea.

Years have passed since then, and I have changed in heart and brain; but I have not found my dear, lost wife. I may have grown better; who knows? I may have grown worse; I have certainly grown wiser; but I have not found my lost wife. Elma has not come back. I am care-worn and wrinkled, and my hair is becoming gray. I have a stoop, too, in the shoulders, and I need some one to lean on. I begin to totter in my walk. But Elma does not come back. I was very sick last spring: they did not think I would live. I lay weeks and weeks at Death's door. But Elma would not come back. She will never come back. For did she not say in her letter: '*IT IS TOO LATE! IT IS TOO LATE!*'

I passed the old house by the sea a few days ago. It was blackened by rain, bleached by sun, shattered by wind and lightning. The chimney had blown down; part of the roof had tumbled in; and the shutters were off their hinges. A bloated toad sat on the door-step; the garden was a wilderness of weeds. It was as great a wreck as its master. I wonder if Elma has ever gone back there since that fatal night?

Elma! still Elma! Her name is ever on my lips. I cannot



banish her from my mind. She haunts me like a ruined soul. If she would only return once more; if I could only see her face, and hear her whisper, in the sweet tones of old, 'You are forgiven,' I would lie down and die with a smile. I would give the world to regain my beautiful Elma. For what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

I have lost my soul.

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T O T H E Q U E E N .

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BY R. M. OAKES

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I.

In the juices clearer than amber,  
The blood which the grape distils,  
And from flagons filled with the nectar,  
Which the honey-suckle spills:

II.

From the antique cups of the lily,  
Brimmed with the soft brown rain,  
I drink to the beauteous lady,  
That ruleth my heart's domain.

III.

Adown 'mid the blossoming grasses,  
Where waters cool in the shade,  
I lie on my breast at the noon-day,  
And drink to the glorious maid.

IV.

On the brim of the oaken-bucket  
That drips the mosses between,  
I whisper her name with a blessing,  
And drink to my heart's dear queen.

V.

Whenever I quaff from a goblet  
Of water, or rare red wine,  
I drink to the glorious lady  
That makes loyal this life of mine.



## T H E S U M M E R B Y T H E S E A .

You remember the summer, MARITA,  
The summer we spent by the sea,  
In the little brown house at the head of the bay,  
Which was open to sun-shine all hours of the day;  
When the 'old folks,' MARITA, had journeyed away,  
And left it to you and to me?

You remember the sea-beach, MARITA,  
Which gently sloped back to the land,  
The pleasant white reaches that bordered the blue;  
Where the waves of the OCEAN told love-tales to *you*,  
Or bellowed at *me* when the storm-wind blew,  
And were always melodious and grand?

You remember the headland, MARITA,  
Which jutted far into the sea,  
Where the rocks were jagged and scattered and torn,  
By the waves of centuries washed and worn,  
Where the moan of the sea was so wild and forlorn,  
But was music to you and to me?

You remember the OCEAN, MARITA;  
'Our' ocean, our boundless domain:  
Where oft the white sails we watched come and go,  
In the mild moon-light or the sun-set's glow,  
And thought we could look beyond, you know,  
Almost to our castles in Spain?

You remember the dreams, MARITA,  
Which we dreamed by the side of the sea:  
The innocent dreams of the coming time,  
The beautiful dreams, the dreams sublime,  
To which the waves made music and rhyme,  
As we dreamed there of you and of me?

We are far apart now, MARITA,  
As far as we ever could be,  
We never shall meet by the sea-side again,  
And there's something, MARITA, that burns in my brain,  
(I know it's not joy, and it should not be pain,)  
As I think now of you and of me.

I am dreaming no more, MARITA,  
And I seldom recall the past:  
But remember the faith to which both of us hold,  
That though oceans, or worlds, may between us be rolled,  
Yet the beautiful dreams of the days of old  
Will surely be true at last.

But oh! the blue ocean, MARITA,  
And oh! the brown house by the sea!  
How vainly the years have come and flown,  
How vainly the summer's suns have shone,  
Since the waves by the sea, in the days that are gone,  
Made music for you and for me!

## Z e l d a .

A T A L E O F T H E M A S S A C H U S E T T S C O L O N Y .

### CHAPTER FIRST.

#### I C E L A N D .

It was a summer day in the island. The intense light came down along snow-capped peaks, ragged mountains, plains of lava, down, down into glens and hollows bright with the rapid vegetation of an Arctic July. The sun-shine, also, walked upon the shore, warming the cold feet of the waves, and cheering the eider-duck as she sat on her nest among the cliffs.

A ship was moored in the little harbor, though it was easy to see, from the curious gazers around, and from the busy gestures of her sailors, that she was about to weigh anchor, and go forth upon the sea. She seemed a feeble craft, ill able to brave the war of the elements; but on her deck were groups of men, and women, and children, who had covenanted with her to convey them to America, that home of the homeless, receiver of the out-cast, comforter of the persecuted.

She was an English vessel, frail and over-laden, and having encountered a tempest, had been driven upon the shore of this remote island. Skilful surgery had healed her lacerated sides, and being fitted with new sails, she now signified her readiness to complete her contract with the emigrants crowding her deck: she even permitted an accession to her list of passengers before leaving the Icelandic harbor. The added name stood thus on the ship's register — 'ZELDA.'

The time of which I speak was long ago in days when the Roundheads were fain to fly before triumphant Cavaliers, glad to secure rest in lands far remote; and the bark I tell of, numbered among its inmates both Puritans and Quakers, bound for the land of the free. A frown was perceptible on more than one face as the above cognomen, savoring somewhat of heathendom, was whispered around the deck.

The possessor of the odd appellation was a maiden, who stood now several paces to the right of the ship, hidden from view by an intervening angle of rock. She had thrown aside whatever covering had shaded her glowing cheeks; but her long hair hung around her like a veil, and a nameless something in her mien told that she was quite different from the common herd of mankind. One fair arm rested on the rock, while the other hung carelessly over a harp of quaint device. She looked forth upon the sea, and gazing at her in imagination, I saw at first only the earthly beauty of face and form, as she lingered in that unconscious attitude of grace.

Nevertheless, there was that in her rapt expression, in her earnest eyes, and her changing color, which transcended all charms of person, revealing the power and passion of a soul within. She seemed a little weird, though I am sure I cannot tell what combination of tint, or tissue, or line, produced such a result; perhaps it might have come by means of some viewless influence exerted by her sphere on the spheres of others, if certain philosophers may be credited.

Or, indeed, there might have been a current of spiritual essence in her veins, for the island-people told many strange tales of her mother's race. And if you who are glancing over these sentences, have no faith to believe that spirits once haunted earth, air, and water, I pray you, read no farther. For myself, I doubt not that in the olden time, fairies danced on the turf all the mid-summer night: I hold it as unquestionable, that wherever thickets overhung the fountains, Dryads from the woods wooed the Undines of the waters. Neither am I incredulous as regards ghost-stories: why should not some of the eager souls thrust each moment into another state of existence, be able to struggle backward to this earth where all they love remains? So, were I to walk the aisles of the church-yard by night, I should expect an encounter with the wraith of some restless tenant of the manor on which I trod.

The islanders, then, asserted that Zelda's mother was a daughter of the Ocean-King, who dwells in cities beneath the waves of the North: they said she had danced wild measures among the mermaids, and worn on her head a crown of bright sea-flowers, that grew too deep for the grasp of any mortal hand, save that of the ship-wrecked sailor.

How she had been won from her coral home, none pretended to know; but speaking in low tones, lest some of her watery relatives should chance to over-hear, they would tell of her white face, of her dreamy eyes always turned oceanward; of her long amber-colored hair, wherein she delighted to braid the lilies. For aught I can see, she might have been the identical Sabrina whom Milton saw sitting under the 'cool, translucent wave' in merry England. I even regard it as a reasonable supposition, for the lord of her love, who brought her to that far-off islet, was a noble Briton, self-exiled (I relate the story in strict accordance with the best authorities in Iceland) for the sake of the loving being he dared not introduce to the aristocratic circles of his land. And truly, she would have been a strange apparition in the midst of befrizzled, beruffed, and behooped ladies—she, in her sea-green mantle, her blue robe, and flowing locks!

Zelda could not remember this mother, on whose breast she had dreamed in her earliest slumbers; but she knew the popular tale of her origin, and often twisted her gold-green tresses round her fingers, thinking how she had heard it whispered: 'Her hair is like the mermaid's.'

Her father never spoke of his former life, or of the wife who had left in his arms the little Zelda. She knew not even what rank he

held in the merry England, whose language he taught her lisping tongue; but she had hourly testimony that he had accumulated exhaustless treasures of learning.

He had died. She placed his coffin, as he gave command, on the moon-lighted beach, and watched while the tide bore away on its sobbing breast the guardian of her infancy. She looked to see some ocean-spirit rise and greet his coming; but none appeared, though she heard, or fancied she heard, such strains of music as no mortal voices utter; low and sad at their beginning, then swelling into a triumphal chorus that swept from her soul its flood of grief. But the sun-shine was more dim than when she leaned on his arm, for there had come a mist over the landscape: so, as beneath the shadow of Hecla, tales were rehearsed of the boundless forests and springing villages of America, she said she would go forth to the new world beyond the waves.

Her heart found nothing upon which to rest, and like every child of genius, she longed to bear the thread of her destiny through all lands, seeking the repose she might never attain.

When the sails of the ship lying in the harbor should brush the horizon, Zelda would behold no more the cliffs along which she had leaped in all the abandon of girlish mirth.

And standing in that sunny angle among the rocks, this thought dilated her eyes, and gave them so inward a look, as if she saw not the scene before her.

At length the color paled on her cheeks, and lifting her harp, she played upon its strings a prelude that interpreted the sadness of her spirit. Then, in the musical language of Iceland, she chanted her last farewell. The poetic rapture of her lay can ill be rendered into stern Saxon, nor does the mystic mythology of the North suit the practicality of our race; yet I will tell, as best I can, the improvisation of Zelda.

'Far back in antiquity, when young Time began to turn the silver sands from her urn, a son of Odin bore some message to Earth. Beside the maiden Time he tarried, permitting his soul to be filled with her matchless beauty. He sought also to woo her from the throne whereon Odin bade her to abide till the last grain had fallen from her urn.

'The accents in which he pleaded, so low yet so clear, so passionate yet so musical, reached the far-hearing ear of his father. Then Odin's wrath waxed hot against his erring son, and he vowed by his own might, that till Time, wrinkled with years, should expire beside her exhausted vase, so long should the traitor remain on the remotest verge of her empire, transfixed by a thousand icy darts, and lashed by the fury of arctic storms age after age.

'At the sound of that oath, the hammer of the valiant Thor descended upon the rocks, till the Walhalla shook on its foundations, and the hands of its guests trembled while they lifted their foaming cups.

'As the thunder ceased, the form of the rebel was changed. Close on the bounds of eternal frosts an island rose from the

bitter waters. High in air it reared its proud head, but buried its burning heart deep in caverns of Hecla.

'Thus, O Iceland, my country! thou art the child of Odin! Long hast thou borne the punishment of thy crime; yet beats thy heart more gently than when thou didst kneel before the fair Time?

'No; through thy fetters of frost still break the fires of thy soul. We see them playing on the summit of Hecla; we feel them in the hot tears that gush from thy bosom; the throbbing of thy strong pulses rends the mountain's side.

'Alas! thy pain hath not wrought out a cure for thy sin!

'How like, O my country! art thou to the human soul! Like it, thou hast lost thy freedom for earthly love; like it, thou hast sullied thy glory by mortal hopes; yet not the less to thee clingeth the heart of Zelda.

'And thou art beautiful, my island-home. Thy head towereth to the skies, nor croucheth before the tempest. Thou dost wear thy snowy chains as though they were regal garments.

'Thou trainest thy milk-white rivers to leap like steeds from the tall cliffs. The *Aurora Borealis* hath placed its double crown upon thee — its circlet of living rubies, and its tiara of diamond light.

'Along thy shores cluster the eider-ducks, plucking white down from their breasts to soften the sleep of their little ones. Within thy dingles, rarest flowers kiss the sunshine.

'Thou hast brought to my mind many a fantastic thought; gay visions hast thou aided me to weave. Though I leave thee, thou art mistress of my soul!

'O Iceland! I depart from thy shores with a bursting heart. No more shall I hear the wild pages of thy sagas, or the poetic eddas of thy early faith!

'Never again will kindred hand clasp mine in the embrace of affection! Nor will another listen to the rhapsodies of Zelda!

'Upon thy waters I cast my harp; no foreign ears shall hear its strains. Place it, lovely mermaids, beside my father's hand. His first gift, to him I yield it up. Farewell, my island-home!'

And Zelda, with the speed of thought, gave her harp to the rising tide. She might have been deceived, but a white hand seemed to bear it beneath the deep; and the lone minstrel turned toward the ship with a smile on her parted lips.

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CHAPTER SECOND.

BEING A CHAPTER OF INTRODUCTIONS.

It is a favorite employment of some modern pens to darken the lustre of the Puritan name. These would fain persuade us that the hearts once beating beneath priestly robes, were hardly of the human kind; they would transform into fiends the patriarchs of New-England story, and into imps their rosy children.

True it is, they were men of different ideas from those which

mould the present generation : true, they held amusements of this life in light esteem, compared with a joy to come ; so great, they believed, that it might not be spoken in mortal ear : true, they scorned petty distinctions of society while contemplating shining ranks of cherubim and seraphim : true, they desired earthly rulers to give place to the Ancient of Days, who demands homage even from kings.

Fixing their eyes steadfastly on the end to be attained, with some disregard for the means of its accomplishment, they often erred. Alas ! 'to err is human !'

Their mission, so they deemed, was to lay the foundation of an empire that should outvie the golden age of Rome ; its pillars of moral and intellectual grandeur they sought to place upon bases strong and broad. It would ill have beseemed them amid their Herculean task, to have turned aside, grieving, like melancholy Jacques, over the poetics of dying fawns ; or boating down rivers, chatting of pleasant landscapes, of the mystery of life, or the unequal distribution of property, and returning at night-fall, charmed with the songs of birds, and rustling of boughs.

Yet, while it was a necessity of their position to elevate the utile above the ornamental, they did not lack power to appreciate beauty. Some among their number had been reared in elegance beyond the sea : some were men of classic tastes, resorting with delight to the pages of Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare.

Their life on the borders of unexplored forests, was, without remedy, rugged ; but they willingly covered its sternness with whatever they thought might embellish without enervating.

What if custom changed for their children the light measures of the dance to the equally airy race upon the green sward ? Baby hearts none the less expanded with joy — silver voices rang out as gayly beneath the blue dome of heaven, as through the dusty atmosphere of carpeted halls. What if lads and lasses were compelled to forego their sports on the Sabbath, aping solemn faces ? — with seven-fold zest they pursued the games of other days. The tender and mystic songs trilling from their ruddy lips, were no less adapted to develop imagination than are the elegances of Mother Goose, or the flowing verse of Nursery Rhymes.

Having thus made our bow to the early heroes of New-England, and kissed the hem of their garments, as in duty bound, let me conduct you to Boston. Do not rush from the cars to cool your over-wrought spirit in the spray of fountain on the Common, or moisten your lips with clear streams of Cochituate there gushing. Gaze not around for avenues of linden and maple trees, neither seek after lawns smoothed with the roller and shaven with the scythe. Harken not for the rolling of carriages over stone-paved streets, or for the deep voice of a city baying in its swift career. Look not upward for the benignant face and bald head of the State House ; for see ! the mansions of Beacon, Tremont, and Park streets, have disappeared as by magic.



The Common is a vast extent of pasture-land, along which cattle roam at will. Children are making into nosegays the flowers that nod over its surface, forming tableaux by no means grim, with their bunches of wild columbine, and baskets of cowslip greens gathered beside the frog-pond yonder. The chief grace of the spot is a native elm, that spreads its branches far and wide, whither youths and damsels resort to renew the world-old vow, whispered alike by Cavalier and Puritan, Mohammedan and Jew.

The height of land upbears a lofty pole, whence beacons of the colony are displayed at the will of the magistrates; and not far distant is the powder-house, perched safe on a rock, which, being forbidden ground to juveniles of the town, receives more longing glances than ever fell to the lot of harem walls.

The streets of our embryo city, few and narrow, are bordered, except in the immediate vicinity of market-places, by two ribbons of grass, that unroll their green parallels from the wharf to the fortifications commanding the only land-approach to this sanctum sanctorum of 'The Massachusetts.'

Its citizens' houses, built of wood, painted only by wind and storm, send upward several triangular roofs: some in style similar to that of which we have read delighted, stand in all the grandeur of seven gables; others can boast but two, while some of the poorer sort hide their diminished heads in one. The second story always projects outward from the first, and the attic thrusts its little window still farther forward, so that the lowest front is sheltered from rain and snow. The door is in a deep recess, and is armed with an iron knocker to announce the coming of visitors. The windows, made of diamond-shaped bits of glass set in metal frames, open, like doors, either inward or outward.

I cannot hope to detain you long in the Tri-mountain town, while Boston as it *is*, spreads out before your eyes; so sit down in a pleasant group on the Common, all you who wish to hear my tale of the olden city, and I will discourse of another circle long since cut down by the Reaper's scythe, and whose gable-roofed dwellings have been sawn into dust by the tooth of Time.

Once, long ago, an odor of springing grass and budding shrubs, crept through certain casements, filling a room with incense. The lingering radiance of sun-set fell upon a father sitting in his arm-chair near the centre of this apartment, and maintaining an air of calm dignity even in the seclusion of home, which marked him at once as a religious teacher.

He was somewhat past the meridian of life, with no trace on his benevolent features of the harshness that, we are told, often marred the clerical visage. Street-doors in those simple times, not acting the part of sign-boards, I must inform you that the occupant of this arm-chair was the Reverend Mathias Phillips.

A girl nestled in his arms, a wee, petted thing, listening, while he read the famous letter of Martin Luther to his son Johnny, and her eager eyes showed forth great desire to possess the jewelled ponies she heard about.



An older damsel of some twenty years, leaned on the father's shoulder, looking with a smile into the avaricious little countenance below. This elder sister was the enviable owner of golden hair, if hair is ever golden out of poetry, blue eyes, and a face full of all-gentle feelings; but Nannie Phillips would win no admiration from the strong-minded clan, for deep thought had never traced a line on her features, and the soft curve of her mouth had never been straightened with that magnificent self-reliance so in vogue now-a-days.

Opposite this group, thrown carelessly back in another ponderous chair, with hands clasped behind his head, was the first-born of the family, at once its pride and reproach. He bore in appearance more of the Cavalier than Roundhead. His curly hair defied the law that forbade flowing locks to young gallants; and his ruddy complexion was the envy of his father's fair flock. There was resistless persuasion in his dark eyes, a single glance from which had made many a tender heart beat hard against the slender bodice of its owner; though, to be sure, the young man seldom deigned more than a passing glance, even to the reigning belles of the day. To say the truth, their quiet manners and simple souls were not to his taste, except in the case of Nannie, whom he thought almost an angel — well he might, for, from his very cradle she had held the shield of her potent entreaty betwixt him and the punishments due his offences: and then he delighted even in Nannie's reproofs; her censure was more palatable than another's praise.

This enticing personage, who figured on the town-register as Mark Phillips, was not yet graduated from the University. There were shrewd suspicions that he was only permitted to remain a member of that august body out of complaisance toward his family; for though the perfection of his recitations was unquestionable, it was a profound mystery to his co-students when, or where, or how, his exercises were prepared. Perhaps his knowledge was hereditary, as his progenitors had been learned men, on whose intellects such a dead weight of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew rested, that their mother tongue was greatly impeded thereby. At all events, Mark was never seen poring over dull text-books, or laboring among the dry bones of the past, while, if we were to judge from the frequency of admonitions, administered by the high-priests of education, our hero was studious in devising mischief.

Indeed, at the very moment you are invited to turn your quizzing-glasses upon him, he was reflecting that whether the Puritan creed were, or were not, a summary of all truth, it was undeniable that he inclined vastly more toward evil than toward holiness.

Something, just then, brought to his mind Timothy, who seems to have profited so largely by the graces of his grand-mother Lois, and his mother Eunice; but though Mark would willingly have compared his own ancestry with Timothy's, he could not perceive that their abundant deeds of righteousness had wrought any pious

inclinations in himself. He was not vicious, according to the present standard of vice. His fastidious taste would ill have brooked the companionship of the vile, and his admiration for whatever was beautiful in creation, or noble in human actions, saved him from crime. But in the indulgence of a genuine love of fun, he far overstept the boundaries of Pilgrim propriety, and in the wilfulness of his temper, rebelled against reasonable restraints.

The book being presently closed, little Esther was chattering about the garden Luther described to his boy, and wondering whether Johnny ever obtained the fine things it held, when a servant announced Sir Henry Ludlow. Esther, set aside as if she were the merest chattel, withdrew indignantly behind the orb of a table which stood folded in a corner, presenting its round face directly toward the centre of the room. From this fortress she cast such comic looks of anger on the intruder, that Mark, who was much of her mind, in regard to their visitor, could only keep a sober countenance by moving out of sight, a compliment the wild little creature did not fail to appreciate.

Mr. Phillips received his guest with all the cordiality that ceremonial age permitted. Mark, with a polar iciness Boreas himself could not have surpassed. Hospitality and hauteur were alike lost on Sir Henry, who only took notice of the glad light sparkling in Nannie's eyes; *that* was a tribute his self-love could not withstand; so he placed himself beside her, bestowing those kindly words and trifling cares a woman prizes above all else, till her brother, burning with rage, almost cursed the English knight, who was so appropriating his sensitive plant, his own gentle Nannie.

So there they sat in the early twilight; but notwithstanding every soothing influence of time and place was around them, love and hate, and selfish passion, were driving restlessly through their hearts: love bewildering the soul of one with her intoxicating draughts, making thought and feeling concentrate in an intense dream of human sympathy; hate made the blood of another leap hot through his veins; selfishness was darkening the spirit of a third, storing up memories which perchance, in after years, should shut out the loveliness of earth and the serenity of heaven.

The good priest was unconscious of mental tempests around him, as he discoursed with Sir Henry of England and America, of Saint James's court, and villas rising from the wilderness like work of magic. Indeed, how little do any understand of the real life even of those who sit beside the same board, or at the same hearthstone!

We clasp the hand of some cherished friend, talking of scenes or deeds amidst which we have moved. But what is of deeper import, finds no voice. We know not the temptations yielded to, or overcome; the brilliant anticipations crushed; the friendships repulsed; the stern warfare of right and wrong, within the breast of the loved companion.

Sir Henry spoke of his own estate, Ludlow Castle, in Dorset-

shire. He turned toward Nannie as he descanted with pride on its old oaks, its lawns, its herds of deer, its aviaries, its studs of horses, and all the appurtenances of aristocratic rank in the old country. Of these things Nannie had rather less knowledge than falls to the share of Yankee girls at the present day ; some brother, uncle, or cousin of whom, has surely crossed the sea, and received an apotheosis from placing his hands on the bordering hedges of dukedoms.

Perhaps the speaker was wondering how so fair a lily would bear its head, transplanted among gaudier flowers of his native soil ; perhaps he was comparing her natural grace with the high-born stateliness more familiar to his eye. Nannie thought only of scenes through which her beloved had roamed, and oblivious of the Tri-mountain city, she was breathing airs of Dorsetshire amid widespread parks. Sir Henry could read the wanderings of her fancy in her innocent face clearly as if she had traced them on her ivory tablets, and was so interested in the perusal, that Mr. Phillips was obliged to ask the second time, if the Quakers had not created great tumult in the vicinity of Ludlow Castle, about the time of his departure from home. His inattention was out of no disrespect to the minister, but he had not yet passed his twenty-fifth birthday, and still took some interest in a heart unconsciously betraying its emotions : probably ere he had doubled his years, he cared no more for a damsel's blushes than for 'the idle wind.'

At the repetition of the question, he seemed somewhat discomfited, though Mark, who watched him narrowly, could see no cause for disturbance in so simple an inquiry. He quickly recovered himself, however, and replied that the Quakers had, for a certainty, made many proselytes in his father's neighborhood.

The clergyman demanded if that marvellous prophetess, Mistress Hutchinson, had not arisen out of Dorsetshire : and again Mark perceived the same embarrassment of manner while he answered in the affirmative. Mr. Phillips then canvassed the tenets and customs of the Quakers, demonstrating their sinfulness so plainly, that Esther crept from her retreat, and climbed into Mark's arms, to ask the foolish child's question, whether it was the wicked Quakers who made the earthquakes she read about. He was assuring her of his belief in the correctness of her proposition, when one Wendall, a college-friend, was ushered into the room.

After the new-comer had paid due reverence to the master of the mansion and his lovely daughter, he said to Mark that a ship with dismantled masts, was entering the harbor, and he was on his way to ascertain whence it came. Mark instantly rose to accompany his friend ; and Sir Henry also took leave, proposing, somewhat to the displeasure of the young men, to share their walk.

When they reached the wharf, the ship was still at a distance, and Mark, throwing himself upon the grass, yielded to the influences of the vernal evening. Sir Henry leaned against a tree, engrossed in thought. His meditations were surely not of the

landscape — he never cared for such uncultured scenes. Perhaps Nannie was his theme; perhaps some less pleasant subject, for his brow grew very dark. Wendall, poising himself on the extremity of the wharf, skipped pebbles over the water, evidently in that delicious state wherein one thinks of nothing.

A June evening in New-England! Would an idea of its loveliness might be imparted! Its spicy air makes true the fabled breezes of Ceylon; its skies are tinted with the dreamiest of hues, through which the stars look softly down: and on this particular night, the moon was lifting her pleasant face from the waves eastward, where, as Mark fancied, she had been frolicking with the Naiads; or where, as one imagined, who, with a deeper heart from the deck of that ship, watched her rising, she had been filling her horn with precious gifts for those she loved, and, therefore, was her face all aglow with joy.

There was the lightest rustling of half-grown foliage, as if the leaflets called upon each other to rejoice over the young Summer, and lull her to repose with gentlest music; while, to honor the new-born, the fire-flies gave a grand illumination, their tiny rockets flitting about the coast like a shower of stars.

Birds in languishing tones summoned their mates to the trysting-place, and frogs rang their exquisite bells in all the hollows. Along the shore tripped the light-footed waves, moving to the sound of their own melody; and every new chord of harmony soothed Mark's fiery spirit, till the dark figure against the tree was quite forgotten.

To Zelda upon the vessel's deck, the same music brought a wild excitement. She knew not why, but an enchantment of the time; sparkling billows in the ship's wake; moon-light over those bold shores, and wooded islands of the harbor; odorous breezes from off land; all touched the springs of her being, till tears hung on her long lashes. There was romance in her lonely coming, poetry in the hour; and romance and poetry were one with her soul.

At last the ship was safely moored. Torch-lights flitted about its deck, and emigrant groups gazed upon the dim outlines of their future homes. Mark and Sir Henry had gone down to the wharf to inspect more nearly the newly-arrived.

'A queer specimen that,' said Wendall, shrugging his shoulders; 'I would n't trust *my* corporeal system in her for a sail through a dry-dock!'

'Don't you see,' (Mark spoke scarcely above his breath,) 'do n't you see she has brought over her patron saint? I'd navigate the Euxine on a single plank under such protection.'

Following the glance of his friend's eye, Wendall perceived the fair Icelander, apart from her fellow-travellers, gazing toward the open sea, and looking, in her motionless attitude, much as a kind genius might. He was about to echo Mark's admiration, when, with a sudden start, he exclaimed:

'By all saints and goddesses! I see a ghost standing at her side! In the name of goodness —'

His companion angrily cut short his speech. 'Peace! fool: it is only the light mist of night.'

Wendall proceeded: 'I tell you, I would not touch the hem of her garment for the world's wealth! She is set apart, sacrificed, consecrated, given over, or whatever you call it, to some dismal fate!'

'Ay,' Phillips coolly rejoined, 'maintain respectful distance. She may be Circe herself, bringing us enchantments.'

Shrinking from his tone of contempt, Wendall rallied courage to turn again toward the figure that riveted Mark's attention. But though the apparition was now fled from her company, he doubted not the reality of what he had seen. Visions were frequent in those days when witches infested the air, for less harmless purposes than 'to sweep the cobwebs from the sky;' and every child trembled in its little cot at the noise of their brutal laughter.

To Mark, these strange sights and sounds appeared to have no existence, except in the credulity of those who witnessed them, so that now he easily resolved the fantastic shape he had certainly observed, into a smoke-cloud, or wreath of vapor, to which the imagination, drunken with wine of the season, had given other form.

Zelda seemed unconscious of any salutation she had received; for she still, with rapt expression, gazed toward the silver-shining ocean, dotted with its fair islands; and though unseen by those who observed her, tears still glistened on her cheeks.

And Mark contemplated her with increased interest. Who could she be? so regal in form, so intent upon the majestic night abroad — about whom even the vapors hovered?

All this while — it was longer than I have been telling of it — Sir Henry had stood as if transixed, with a Puritan cloak muffling his face, and a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes. You could, therefore, divine nothing from his physiognomy; but his form would hardly have retained so rigid a posture, or his regards have been bent so fixedly on that English vessel, unless he had seen something of personal import to him.

Conspicuous among the colonists loitering about the decks in every variety of grouping, was a somewhat stately woman, attired in a garb more quaint and sad-colored, even, than the robes of the Roundheads. A band of youthful people, evidently her own children, was clustered about her, habited in like manner; and upon the eldest of these, a young woman of brilliant brunette style, Sir Henry's looks were concentrated.

To tell how he should be so interested in this family of newcomers, I must refer you to the glens of Dorsetshire, whither we will journey in the next chapter.

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POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.

A MAN cannot make himself a poet,  
No mor'n a sheep can make himself a go-at.

## F O U R M O O N S A G O N E .

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

I HEAR the echoing tread of Time  
Down the dim galleries of the Past,  
And in the funeral train of years,  
I follow where my way was cast :  
And pausing where October's moon  
Hangs pale above the setting sun,  
I gather up the golden hours,  
And count them over, one by one :  
I hush my heart's low wail, and keep  
The record only with my tears,  
As in the graves of banished joys  
I bury all my hopes and fears.

I see October's yellow moon  
Climb higher o'er the misty hills :  
And where the woods are swart and brown,  
I watch it nightly, as it fills :  
Its shimmering light lies braided thick,  
With shadows, checkering all the way ;  
Where underneath the chestnut boughs,  
I weave sweet fancies, as I stray.

The NIGHT and I are all alone :  
And gathering up the moon-light sheaves,  
We follow in the South Wind's wake,  
Among the drifts of yellow leaves :  
I lock sweet dreamings in my heart,  
And smile, as lightly up and down,  
Hunting the silver nuts, I go,  
Among the wood-paths, crisp and brown.

Two shadows in the moon-light lie,  
Where only mine was lately shown :  
And 'mong the beds of rustling leaves  
I hunt the white nuts not alone.  
No more I list the south wind's call,  
As 'mid the eddying leaves they hide :  
For all my soul is hushed to hear,  
The low voice whispering by my side.

No more I see the moon-light face  
In white drifts where the hedges rise :  
For like sweet sun-shine lies in mine  
The love-light of two earnest eyes.  
And silently the night has put  
Her snowy fingers from my own :  
While locked within another clasp,  
My hand more tremulous hath grown.

O sweetest of all twilight moons !  
Born 'mid the cloud-rifts of the west :  
And cradled like a thing of love,  
Upon the young October's breast :

As night by night thy slender bow  
 Grew large, and red, and wondrous bright,  
 I pushed aside the bars of care,  
 That shut my spirit from the light:  
 And underneath thy guardian smile  
 I wandered with the night apart,  
 Feeling a wild and wondrous joy  
 Lifting the shadows from my heart.  
 And when thy waning beams at morn  
 Fell slant and pale across my face,  
 My heart, grown yet more full of hope,  
 Held all of heaven in its embrace.  
 And yet it trembled, half in fear,  
 Lest light might deepen into shade:  
 For is there not 'a happiness  
 That makes the heart afraid?'

Too soon, alas! the warning fear  
 Foretold the dark and dreadful doom:  
 For o'er my brief, bright day of bliss,  
 Gathered a night of fearful gloom.

Beneath the twilight's ashen hood,  
 Three slender moons since then have peered,  
 Thrusting their sickles through the rifts  
 Of clouds up-gathered, wild and weird:  
 The nights are dismal — and the winds  
 Along the lonesome valleys moan;  
 And where the woods are chill and dark,  
 I watch their filling, all alone.

Oh! with the sweet October moon,  
 Bright hopes like meteors came and went:  
 But now, the darkness of my heaven  
 Is deeper for the light they lent.

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LINES FOR 'KATE'S SCRAP-BOOK.'

When years elapse,  
 It may, perhaps,  
 Delight us to review these scraps:  
 And live again 'mid scenes so gay,  
 Which TIME's rough hand had swept away:  
 For when the eye, bedimmed with age,  
 Shall rest upon each treasured page,  
 Those pleasant hours,  
 That once were ours,  
 Will come again, like autumn flowers,  
 That bloom and smile upon us here:  
 When all things else seem sad and drear,  
 We'll tune our hearts, and make them sing,  
 And turn our Autumn into Spring.

*Buffalo, (N. Y.) 1857.*



## M Y F I R S T C O U R T S H I P .

FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF 'THE SCRIBE.'

FIFTY years ago, more or less, 'the Scribe' was a flaxen-headed, knock-kneed, gray-eyed boy, just big enough to scare the crows away from his paternal ancestor's corn-field, and from the young turkeys, which were the delight of his mother's heart. This, to the best of his knowledge and belief, as they say in court, (which is tantamount, we suppose, to saying that it is a solemn fact, for we presume the courts do not compel a man to testify to what he has no knowledge of, or belief in,) was his earliest occupation. And he well remembers that it was a glorious one, inasmuch as it earned for him no small amount of the birch, as well as sugar-candy.

These glossy little 'varmint,' the crows, were very destructive to the young poultry, as they went forth, day by day, in pursuit of grass-hoppers, and to the tender shoots of corn, as they peeped out of the earth in the early spring, to seek the genial rays of the sun, and regale themselves in the cooling zephyrs.

Now, by what right the aforesaid sable gentry claimed a large share of his mother's and father's property, or won for him so many introductions to the rod, the Scribe could never gather from the law-books — and he has studied them profoundly for knowledge on this point, even to Chitty on Bills, and the learned Hooker upon Laws in general, and ecclesiastical laws in particular, without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. It is a source of irritation and mortification to the present day, that the books are silent on the subject. He has never indeed been called upon to plead a cause of the kind — and he hopes never to be — for without more light from the books, he could hardly expect, in such a cause, to rival the speech of Pinkney in the case of the Nereide!

But not to dwell on particulars, we sum up the cause in these words: 'The crows surely had a right, or they would not have trespassed so glaringly, in the face of day, upon the rights and property of another.'

Now, the reader, we trust, will not get up the idea, that the early experiences of 'the Scribe' in crow-scaring, were over-resplendent with noble exploits; for as they are a wise folk, it must be related to their honor and fame, (which it is said from 'no conditions rise') that they often proved to be too smart for him. His weapon, offensive and defensive, was a long stick, which he bore with a defiant and triumphant air, upon his shoulders, and which, ever and anon, as time and chance permitted, he pointed at one of his crafty little enemies, and screamed at the top of his voice: 'B-a-n-g g-a-w!' But it was no gun! there was no smoke! and the 'feathers flew away with the meat!' His crowship as emphatically replied, 'C-a-w, c-a-w!' as he bore off, in his pride and naughtiness, a young turkey, or plucked up a grain of corn.

Years added to 'the Scribe's stature; he got tired of shams and pretensions, and has ever remained of the opinion that they are too insignificant 'to pay.' A genuine gun was introduced, and though 'the Scribe' was wholly unable to see straight enough to shoot one of them, yet, as they were not aware of the fact, you may rest assured that their 'sable majesties' had no desire of trifling with that instrument. They understood powder too well, to be caught a-napping. But it saved the corn and turkeys; the Scribe was minus the birch, and plus the sugar-candy!

In the course of events, it so happened that our friend 'the Scribe,' having graduated with many marks of honor in this profession, was sent to school. That, I consider, was the grandest epoch of his life, as it marked his entrance upon the theatre of that great world in which he has played so important a part.

His *débüt* was made in a full suit of home-spun, as red as sumach and sundry other compounds could make it. The boys called him the 'Red Fox,' which was the occasion of three fights the first day, (the Scribe was not as wise then as he grew afterward,) and two or three bit thumbs, and several black eyes, not to name the floggings. However, as all novitiates at school, have to go 'through the mills' to be ground into something like decency and common-sense, the Scribe passed through his probation, was ground, and ground, and re-ground, until he finally became 'one of 'em,' and was ready to play his part in grinding over all new-comers.

We write not this for the benefit of philosophers, or those learned in the law and natural sciences, but for the comfort of all boys who have a rough road to travel, on entering a school as novices. They must submit to be ground over. It is a universal law, from which there is no escape. We pity the petted, chicken-hearted fellow, who has all his life been only 'Mamma's darling son,' and had his own way, even to the kicking over of the table, and breaking all the china, when we behold him gathering up his books and his limbs for an entrance upon the dread realities of that life yclept 'school-boy days'! Many a knock and punch in the ribs art thou destined to wince and groan under, my 'pet lamb'! But we will add no more, lest we alarm the tender nerves of some of the great ones yet to be!

It must be told, as we pass along, that the institution into which we have seen our young friend introduced, was a neighborhood affair, composed of boys and girls—the best sort of a school, we must remark, by way of episode—for we cordially believe, that more great men, not to speak of women, are manufactured at them than at any other.

And now, Sir, with your permission, I will ask you a question. Did you ever know of a country institution, devoted to the scholastic interests of the young, composed of boys and girls, that was minus another institution, which, whatever may be said against it, can at least boast the sanction of age, namely, the institution of SWEET-HEARTS? If you did, you are wiser than most folks. Be this as it may, we are bold to assert, that every boy, who was not

too abominably ill-favored, at the aforesaid school, not even excepting the Scribe, hard-looking and unprepossessing as he was, (we cannot answer for other schools of similar ilk,) had his sweet-heart.

Our 'Scribe,' we have no doubt, thought, and still thinks, that his little lady-love was 'the flower of the flock.' Her dark, sparkling, hazel eyes, and long raven locks, falling gracefully over her plump, alabaster shoulders; her soft and gentle voice, and coy but winning manners, made an impression upon his heart, not easily effaced. It is no wonder, then, that the youthful Scribe fell desperately in love; but he never had the courage to reveal the story, nor did he ever give the slightest intimation of the passion that

'— consumed his vitals,'

at any other period than the *cherry season* — whereby hangs a story, which proves that 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'

This joyous period — the time of ripe cherries — brought with it a seasonable opportunity of revealing his passion to his fair little companion. But whether she ever took the hint, 'the Scribe' of the present day 'saith not.'

Six stately 'red-hearts' spread their majestic proportions around the rude log school-house — superb trees they were, and bore abundantly the most delicious fruits. When they were ripe, and in their glory, it was the youthful 'Scribe's' delight to explore the highest branches, and cast down in profusion the fullest boughs of the tempting fruit to the fair Imogene, thus making *tongues of cherries to tell the story of his love!* Ah! those were halcyon days — full of love, full of life, full of joy! But alas! alas! for human joys! the best, the brightest are too often dashed with the 'wormwood and the gall!'

One day, long to be remembered, the 'Scribe' and Bob Jones both essayed to secure the same tempting bough, and in the struggle the limb that bore the aforesaid Bob, gave way, when down, down went Bob; and alas! 'the Scribe'

'Came tumbling after him;'

and great indeed was the fall and its consequences!

Bob reached the ground first, feet foremost, and 'the Scribe' landed exactly on the top of Bob's head, by which catastrophe, Bob's neck was — not broken, but dreadfully crooked and twisted, inasmuch that ever after he bore, and rightly, the soubriquet of 'Crooked-necked Bob Jones!'

It was a dreadful affair! The master's bell rang — and forthwith a *coup d'etat* was issued to the effect, that henceforth and forever, no boy was to dare to ascend a cherry-tree at the hazard of the *ratan!* That fixed the matter. We knew the virtue of that *ratan* too well, to be over-prone to test it!

The jays, robins, cat-birds, etc., thereafter derived all the benefits of the cherries, saving only the few that we could 'club down.'

Well, so the world goes ! They that sow to the wind, must ever reap the whirl-wind !

The lovely Imogene got no more cherries from 'the Scribe.' Whether she sickened and pined away on that account, who can tell ? Certain we are, that school-masters have a great deal to answer for ! There was no harm in gathering a few innocent bunches of cherries, my clever Dominie ! But *Bob Jones's neck* ! A fig on it ! — what business had he to —

Soon we missed the beautiful Imogene from school. Day by day did we gaze down the long sycamore lane that led to the school-house, tear-drops gathering in our eyes, to see if we could greet the happy face of the light-hearted girl. But alas ! there was no Imogene ! Imogene was sick ! Imogene was smitten with consumption ! Alas ! I did not then realize the meaning of those words. I did not dream that one so young and lovely could die ! It was the same sad story. No better ! The physician day by day made his calls. Summer wore away, and autumn. The earth had put off its beautiful garments, and Nature was robing herself in mourning. The days were dark and dreary. Winter came ; the earth was mantled with snow. Imogene was dying ! — dying in the cold winter ! The angel of Death had touched her with his darksome wing ! Soon must she make her lonely bed in the cold earth, and the howling winds would wrap her grave with snow-drifts ! Ah ! it seems hard that the young and beautiful should die ! But so it must be : 'For so HE giveth His beloved sleep.' 'Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD : even so saith the SPIRIT, for they rest from their labors !'

At last, it was Christmas-eve : the long-dreaded message came : Imogene had gone to her long home !

I saw her no more ! But there is a brighter world, a fairer clime, in which there is no death, no sorrows, no partings !

It was on Christmas-day, late in the afternoon, that I stood by her new-made grave, my heart-strings quivering beneath the keen stroke that had left them torn and bleeding ; the cold and piercing wind of December sung her solemn requiem ; but rising above it, in tones of love and majesty, I heard that heavenly and thrilling sentence : 'I am the RESURRECTION and the LIFE !' How grand and solemn and consoling ! Even then these words sent the 'sound of glory' ringing through my ears, into my heart !

How appropriate and beautiful, too, at that hallowed season, when we are called to celebrate the anniversary of a SAVIOUR born, and sing the song of the angels : 'Glory be to GOD in the highest ; and on earth, peace, good-will toward men.'

Young as I was, my heart learned a solemn and holy lesson. Imogene, the pure, the lovely, the gentle, was gone — but she lived in the angel-land, and beheld the 'KING in His beauty !'

The young heart defies the storms of adversity. Its sorrows, though real, and for the time cutting, come and go, like the hasty clouds of spring.

Young as 'the Scribe' was, he was a philosopher, and deemed it unwise to bury his affections in that new-made grave. No! Why should he go mourning through all the period of joyous youth, when Hope held out before him so many golden prizes in the future, and his young life was attuned to the harmony of the beautiful world around him! The world has full enough of sorrows, keen and piercing, that come unbidden, without our forever calling up those that are past.

The beautiful Imogene was not forgotten; only the affections, that had been so plentifully bestowed upon her, were in due time transferred to another! Older hearts than that of our 'Scribe' have done the like; therefore, let us trust that charity will throw her beautiful mantle over his sin, if sin it be, and conceal it forever from the eyes of the censorious!

It happened on this wise: 'The Scribe' got terribly flogged by 'the Dominie,' for impudence and misconduct in general; on which account, he petitioned the 'governor' (and was successful in the petition) to allow him to seek more congenial quarters. This, to be sure, did not increase his educational advantages, but it introduced him to another sweet-heart, a lovely, gentle little creature, like the lost Imogene.

Now, it must be told, that to the charming Jennie he soon attached himself, with an ardor that threatened to eclipse his passion for the lost Imogene.

But alas! 'the Scribe' was a coward; the most he essayed in the premises was to make love with his eyes, and build baby-houses for his fair one.

The little school-house stood at the head of a pretty ravine, embowered beneath the wide-spreading branches of a cluster of beautiful oaks. From the base of one of these gushed a fountain as clear as crystal, known for twenty miles around as 'the school-house spring.' Many a jaded traveller has turned aside to assuage his thirst, and rest the jaded limbs of his faithful beast at this famous spring. How that old spot, sanctified by a thousand pleasant memories, rises now before my imagination, with all its tender and thrilling reminiscences! I am not surprised that that man of felicitous thoughts, Thomas De Quincey, should have compared the memory to a palimpsest! Ever and anon, as life sweeps on to eternity, and age unrolls this great palimpsest, does it reveal the hidden secrets of the past, and bring us face to face with the days of our boyhood! And how we love to cherish and linger over its revelations! Blessed gift of memory! Who would forget the heyday of his youth, when his heart, free from selfishness, went out, as it were, in the pursuit of the pure, the true, the good, and the beautiful, or twined its affections about loving companions and genial spirits, giving and receiving Love, and thus imitating the order and harmony of that heavenly world, where Love forever holds its court, and thrills all hearts with its own happiness!

Ah! we all remember the sunny days of youth, it may be with a saddened heart! The old school-house, the gushing fountain,

the clustering oaks, all at this hour are sanctified in our mind's-eye; and the happy, laughing voices are ringing in our ears as of old! But alas! how many of them come from the 'shadowy land,' soft, gentle, tender and winning as in the days that are past, certifying us that here we have 'no stay;' that in a few more years, the winding-sheet and the grave shall claim us, and the funeral-crape proclaim that we too are gone!

But about the Scribe?

Beneath those beautiful oaks we youngsters gathered, especially at 'play-time' during the summer, and spent each day an hour or two—for our Dominie gave immense recesses, especially when he took a doze—in building, repairing, and re-modelling baby-houses for the dolls of our sweet-hearts. Bless those institutions, we say—baby-houses and dolls! They are a great privilege; and if we were a poet, we would certainly immortalize them! But let that pass now. They brought 'the Scribe' many happy hours, for the space of three long years, therefore he owes them much.

But it is a long lane that has no turn, and clouds often succeed the sun-shine. Toward the end of these three happy years, when Jennie was a woman grown, and 'the Scribe' nearly 'another,' on a day long to be remembered, a sad event occurred. The 'governor,' wearing an uncommonly serious and serene countenance, took 'the Scribe' aside, and whispered the fact into his ear, that he had spent a large amount of money in educating him, that he might be fitted to fill a dignified station among his fellow-men, in proof of which, he drew from his pocket-book as many as a dozen well-worn receipts, whose sum total, when carefully added, amounted to exactly *eleven dollars twelve-and-a-half cents*, which he had cheerfully spent for the aforesaid laudable purpose: in consequence of all of which, it was decreed that, like Jacob of old, he must bid farewell to the scenes of his childhood, and go forth into the wide world, a seeker of his own fortune!

This was not an over-agreeable message to the sentimental young gentleman. But 'what can't be cured must be endured.' This maxim 'the Scribe' had long since learned 'by heart;' so he submitted with a good grace. And within two weeks from that memorable day, he was scratching his head over rusty tomes in the law-office of a fourth-rate country lawyer in Muddleton. And now the fair reader wishes to know how he managed about Jennie? We shall answer.

Muddleton was only about fifteen miles from his paternal home; what then did hinder an occasional 'sly' visit to his friends? And is it to be wondered at, that, on these occasions, whenever he could get to 'the windward' of his 'old folks at home'—for he was very shy of their knowing any thing about it—he should have contrived to spend a portion of his time with the charming Jennie Lyndon? Ah! these periods were god-sends, and as they generally occurred in summer, when Camp-meetings were 'all the rage,' they were generally improved by a ride with her to one of these heterogeneous omnia-gatherums.



In this unsatisfactory style of courtship, three or four years rolled away, the poor 'Scribe' growing more and more desperately in love, while receding farther and farther from the real point at issue. Through this long period, long indeed for a pining lover, and those numberless camp-meeting jaunts, 'the Scribe,' as he well remembers, got no nearer a 'declaration' than something like the following :

JENNIE : 'It is a very pretty day.'

SCRIBE : 'Very, indeed, Miss. Hem ! ha !'

JENNIE : 'Do you know James Grimes ?'

SCRIBE : (Choking.) 'Yes, Miss — not very well.'

JENNIE : 'He is a clever little fellow !'

SCRIBE : (Choking—er.) 'Ah !'

JENNIE : 'Yes : I think so !' Cutting her black eyes rogueishly at me.

JENNIE : 'Do you think it will rain to-morrow ?'

SCRIBE : 'Do n't know : why do you ask ?'

JENNIE : 'Oh ! nothing — only ——'

SCRIBE : 'Now, I do n't believe that !'

JENNIE : 'Only James Grimes sent me word he was coming to take me with him to the 'Camp-meeting,' to-morrow.'

And I could not be along ! Confound the law-office and books ! Confound the impertinent puppy ! How I hated the very name, Grimes !

Then I, like a gump, would choke up more, and carry my heart in my mouth for the next hour, wholly unable to speak a word !

Then, perhaps, to clap the climax, at the close, or in the midst of one of these deeply absorbing conversations, when I was nearly wrought up to the true point of courage, as we joggéd leisurely along, up would scamper the aforesaid Grimes, and take his post on the opposite side of the fair one, without so much as 'with your leave, Sir !' I would sooner have seen the 'Old Nick !' (And I want to know if something cannot be done with such fellows, to teach them manners and morals !)

But now bend your organs of vision upon the party. Off they dash — Jennie, whom I thought as good as belonged to me ; Jennie, for whom I built so many baby-houses, (O the ingratitude of womankind !) and whom mine eyes had faithfully wooed for the last six or seven years, and that ugly, detestable fellow, Jim Grimes — into a spirited and flashing conversation, while I, a silly ninny, rode along 'hiding my diminished head,' as dumb as though I had been an Egyptian mummy ! And sometimes I wished I were one ; for then I could not have heard. I wonder if Jennie was a coquette ?

This was not to be endured ! It gave me the night-mare whenever I closed my eyes ! I went to studying Mythology and writing poetry. From Mythology I gathered a world of notions about Cupids, Junos, Venuses, Dianas, and the like, (not knowing or caring whether they were true or false,) which I strung into doggerel rhymes to my fair one — not one of which did she ever see ! —

neither shall you see them. They are sacred, and shall never see the light of day. They would grace the pages of the KNICKER-BOCKER, and most likely make its fortune; but I am under no obligations to make a fortune for your Magazine, without thanks. No! I am determined I'll not do it.

This state of affairs, I say, was not to be endured; so, having returned to Muddleton one Monday morning, after one of these unpleasant rencontres with the aforesaid Grimes, 'as mad as a March hare,' I determined to fix the business at once. Sure enough, that very day, with a palpitating heart, I penned the following letter, which I have no doubt will serve for a pattern for all similar emergencies in the future:

'Muddleton, April 1st, 18—

'DEAR MISS JENNIE: It is laid down in the books, as I read them, that 'A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady.' Whether this be the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I know not. But as we lawyers are wont to say, it is necessary that he who would 'win a fair lady,' should come to the point and make up his pleadings. This, with much of fear and trembling, I now undertake in my own behalf. I have often wished, and as often failed, to say in person what I now commit to black and white. And now I do not know how to say it, but will try. COKE says: 'A reversion *reverso* cometh of the Latin word *revertor*, and signifieth a *returning again*.' That seems to be to the point; a '*returning again*' of my ardent affection is what I plead for at your hands and of your heart!

'Now I hope and trust, Miss JENNIE, that you will not non-suit me; but take pity on me, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

'THE SCRIBE.'

'Miss J. LYNDON, Lyndonville.'

Capital! This was intended to bring matters to a crisis, and it did it.

The next point was to get it safely and securely into the hands of the fair one. Sallying forth, with the precious epistle in his pocket, 'the Scribe' by accident (providentially, as he thought) met an old negro fellow, who lived near Jennie, to whom, after binding him over to secrecy, he committed it, with the following instructions, well-seasoned with a shilling:

SCRIBE: 'Now Simon, this letter, mind, is to be given to Miss Jennie by *you yourself*. You are to ask for her and give it to no one else at the peril of my everlasting displeasure. And, you old —, if you dare to give it to any one else I'll cane you the first time I lay my eyes on your 'blackness!'

'He! he! he! Massa Scribe, you tink old Simon dun' no; he! he! but he does know, do! He knows what dat letter's 'bout, for sartin. He aint gwine let no body for see dat letter. He! he! he!'

Now I'll venture a wager 'the Scribe' is in a fix. Nor is it amiss for us just here to 'give an opinion as is an opinion,' as was predicated of Captain Bunsby. The Scribe got a wife, or he did n't get a wife.

The letter reached its destination, but alas! it was placed in the wrong hands. Here was a flutter! It was read by all the Lyndons, including the children and the old gentleman. Scandalous, outrageous, desperate! The news came to the poor 'Scribe' upon

the wings of the wind. He was flat, flatter, flattest! Then, to give the finishing stroke, it was penned on the FIRST DAY OF APRIL! Alas! alas! unlucky date! No argument could convince any member of the family that it was not intended for an insult. 'The Scribe' never has seen Jennie from that day to this. And so ended his first courtship.

He grew wiser in the course of time; but not intending to make others as wise as himself, leaves his experience above, being charitably disposed, on record, as a warning to his kind!

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' S H E ' S G O N E . '

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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SHE'S gone! Oh! will my heart ne'er cease  
To echo words against its peace,  
All tremulous with sorrows:  
I know she's gone! With autumn flowers,  
Which mourn the loved of Summer hours,  
She passed away,  
Like dying day,  
That gilds with Hope the morrow.

Then cease, my heart! oh! cease to hear  
Grief's foot-steps ever falling near  
To wake anew thy sadness:  
Recall again those halcyon days,  
When dual love in Hope's bright rays,  
Threw soft'ning light  
In halo bright,  
O'er life suffused with gladness.

Think also of those joys to come,  
Like Peri dreaming of his home,  
With task at length fulfilled:  
And wreath the tomb with memory's flowers,  
Selected from those trysting bowers,  
When early love  
Found new alcove,  
And life with joys instilled.

Then from the Past — Life's morning dreams,  
To that bright world which brighter seems,  
Since she is there,  
Thy eye may pass undimmed;  
And soon — perhaps the morning's sun  
May find thy task on earth is done,  
And won thy prayer  
To meet her where,  
God's praise is ever hymned.

*Boston, January, 1858.*

*Extracts from an Indian Journal.*

## THE BATTLE OF FERORYESHAR.

## PREFACE.

A SMALL force, consisting of one European infantry regiment, four native corps, and two light field-batteries, in all about five thousand men, have been, for more than a twelve-month past, posted at Feroyepore, a small and desolate station situated on the extreme north-west boundary of the British possession in India.

Toward the termination of the year 1845, the Seiks, under Taj Sing and Lal Sing, commenced crossing the river Sutledge, and established themselves opposite to Feroyepore, with a force of seventy thousand men and one hundred and fifty guns of large calibre; threatening the total destruction of that place and its defenders. The Seik attack has, however, for some reasons, never afterward satisfactorily explained, been delayed from day to day, during all which time the Feroyepore division has been kept constantly under arms. Perhaps the Seiks, who considered themselves invincible, never having yet encountered Europeans, held cheap this little band, to be crushed at any moment. Or that they wished to husband their resources for those extensive operations which they could not fail knowing would soon be made against them.

*Feroyepore, Monday, 15th Dec. 1845.* — There has been constant firing in the enemy's camp all night long. K —, whose tent I share, and whose subaltern I am, generously volunteered to take all the responsibility of looking after the men, so that, notwithstanding the noise, I have been enabled to obtain a few hours' repose. Ten o'clock: We have just learnt that yesterday was the Chutoortee and birth-day of Duttahya, (a form of Shriya,) which may account for the hubbub of our opposite neighbors. Three o'clock P.M.: Suddenly called to arms; hastened down to the front, and fell into line. Something more than ordinary was evidently going on in the enemy's camp. We could distinctly see each regiment as it with praise-worthy precision formed up in open column. Four hours we remained in line viewing their proceedings, and it was nearly dark when the whole of the Seik army, instead of coming down to the attack, moved off in an easterly direction.

*Sixteenth December.* — Last night passed with perfect tranquillity. The Seiks, we hear, are busily employed in constructing an entrenched camp around the village of Feroyeshar, in the shape of a horse-shoe, having the rear protected by the river. The distance from Feroyepore to Feroyeshar is said to be about fifteen miles.

*Twelve o'clock P.M.* — A messenger, camel and rider, have

arrived from Soodiana with dispatches for General Sittler, (commanding this division,) and very shortly afterward it became generally known that the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough, have reached Soodiana, and are about to march to our relief with a force of ten thousand men, consisting of Her Majesty's Third Dragoons, Her Majesty's Thirty-First, Fiftieth, Ninth, Twenty-Ninth, and Thirtieth regiments of infantry, and some native corps. The camel and rider left Soodiana at six o'clock, thus accomplishing the distance (seventy miles) without a halt, in six hours.

*Seventeenth December.* — A quiet day.

*Eighteenth December.* — Nothing worth recording occurred during the first part of this day. Toward four o'clock a constant low, rumbling sound, as of a distant cannonading, might be heard.

*Nineteenth December.* — There is a bazaar report that an engagement has taken place between the advancing divisions, and part of the Seik forces.

*Twentieth December.* — Early this morning a messenger arrived from Sir Hugh, confirming yesterday's report. It seems that thirty thousand Seiks marched out of their entrenchments, and met the advancing relief at Moodky, where a battle took place. Our loss is about nine hundred killed and wounded, including forty European officers. This dispatch also commands that we march out of our lines to-morrow morning, and by a flank movement, effect a junction with the main body previous to a conjoint attack on the enemy's camp. To-morrow, then, I shall smell powder for the first time. Eight o'clock P.M. : I have returned from the mess-tent, where all is uproarious merriment and wild anticipations of future promotion. I find poor K — just shutting up his diary. Of the twenty-one officers now present with the regiment, he alone has seen service. His shell-jacket bears the insignia of three different campaigns: a deeply furrowed brow, and hair of an iron gray, tell of his twenty years' service. Twenty years, and all in India! Sad to relate, however, he is still only a regimental lieutenant.

K — is one of those rare birds of the British Army, a man risen from the ranks. One single casualty to-morrow, and K — will get his company. Perhaps such a thought is even now passing through his mind.

Shall I ever again pen lines in these pages? God alone knows.

*December twenty-second, nine o'clock P.M. In my tent.* — 'Tis past. Two hours since we returned to our lines. Out of the six hundred men that composed this regiment, and who yesterday marched hence in all the pride of health and strength, nearly one third are laid low forever. Of the twenty-one officers, I, with three others, alone remain on duty. Seven we buried on the field of battle. The rest are wounded, many mortally.

Yesterday I was a happy ensign, to-day I am a miserable lieutenant. That horrid stillness which now reigns in our once gay mess-tent, depresses and appals me. Service was laid for the usual

number, and as we four took our seats opposite and along-side those so lately occupied by the many who now rest in that one common grave, callous and worldly indeed must have been that man through whose breast there passed no pang of regret for the dead. We eat in gloomy silence. Stunned and prostrated by the events of the last thirty-six hours, it is with difficulty I can at times even realize all that has occurred.

Poor K—— is no more. On his pillow lies his diary, no doubt a faithful record of his battle of life. It is addressed to his wife, now in England.

*December twenty-third. Retrospective.*—Bright and clear proved the morning of the twenty-first; the sun, as it peeped above the horizon, lighting up with a silvery hue the far-distant peaks of the Himalayan snowy range, visible, at this time of the day only, to the naked eye.

No country can be more barren and dreary than that in the immediate vicinity of Feroyepore. A vast, tractless, dusty plain, cut up and intersected in every direction by deep nullahs, through and in and out of which our column commenced its scrambling march: resembling at a distance the mighty folds of some vast serpent dragging its slow length along. Mile after mile we push on, and by mid-day begin to look out attentively for the advancing divisions: but as yet we look in vain. We have got by this time, comparatively speaking, quit of the nullahs; the country, however, still assuming the same withered aspect. The enemy we know to be posted in a slight jow-jungle on a declension to our left, and that the relieving columns must come up from the right; so a halt is called, arms piled, and our men begin seriously to inspect their canteens. By this time of the day the sun is pouring down its beams with all its accustomed ardor, from which there is no kind of protection. Thirst soon becomes our most prominent evil: of brandy there is an abundance, each man having his pocket-flask; but water is what we want: my brandy I would willingly swap for one single drop of the pure element.

Making up our minds to endure, we throw ourselves, muttering imprecations on the beesthees (water-carriers) who have decamped, prone on the dusty ground. Three hours we lay thus, broiling in the fervid sun-shine, when at length the distant glimmering of bayonets announced the advent of that relief so anxiously expected. At the first sight of their brethren in arms, our men broke out into vociferous hurrahs, which all our efforts proved unable to check. Hitherto we had in our movements maintained the strictest silence. Had any doubts existed in the Seik camp as to our whereabouts, they must now have been speedily dispelled. It was by this time three o'clock. Two hours more elapsed before all the dispositions were completed. The First, Second, and Fourth (ourselves) divisions deploying into line, having in our centre nearly the whole of an artillery, with the exception of two light batteries, one on either flank. The reserve and cavalry forming a second line in our rear. Two hours of day-light were all that re-



mained when we bore down with a steady march in the direction of the enemy's camp.

The first intimation of our getting into close proximity, came in the shape of a discharge of round-shot, which went whistling harmlessly over our heads. Our artillery now moved forward at a gallop, took up a position, and opened fire. A very few minutes, however, proved that they were no match for the heavy battering cannon of the enemy. Guns were dismounted, ammunition-wagons blown up, and horses slain almost as soon as they showed themselves: added to which they (the Seiks) had now got the range of the advancing lines.

Marching in my place, as second in command of the company, I had some leisure for observation. Our men as they advanced, uttered not a word. All was still down the lines, save the peculiar dead, splashing sound of the round-shot as they ploughed through us, killing, mutilating, pounding flesh and blood into hideous, shapeless masses. Not a shot did we return. The jungle which, though insignificant in itself, had been sufficient, hitherto, to prevent us seeing distinctly any great distance ahead, now began entirely to disappear, and we debouched into an open plain, within one hundred and fifty yards of the entrenchments. Charge bayonets! double! were now the words of command. With a wild shriek we bounded forward—but no, it was not to be: nothing mortal could stand up against that iron storm. Chain-shot, shrapnel, canister and grape, mowed us down like grass. All was wild, hopeless confusion. Every commander of a company had bitten the dust. Our colors were down. How I lived to write this is to me inexplicable. In a confused mass we stood this pelt-ing, pitiless shower of death, neither advancing nor retiring. At last we were ordered out of gun-shot, and fresh troops brought up, but only to meet the like fate. All along the lines, battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks. There was now a cry that the Seik cavalry were charging down upon us, and we formed a hasty rallying square around the colors: one of which had fallen to my lot. Our regiment looked a mere skeleton, and of the twenty-one officers, four only were left. Though the other battalions had suffered severely, it was not to the same extent as ourselves. The gloom of the fading day was beginning to settle on this scene of bloodshed, when there passed us at full gallop Her Majesty's Third Dragoons, that devoted band, to whom India incurred that day a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. Straight as an arrow, and with the speed of lightning, do they thunder down upon the enemy, leap the trenches, spur up the embankment, and drop upon the dismayed gunners: thus, at a fearful sacrifice to themselves, enabling a division of infantry to effect a lodgment, and keep possession of a small portion of the great quadrangle upon which they bivouacked. Night had now fallen with this slight advantage on our side.

To us, all that night was one painful anxiety. That we had met our match, was not doubted by the natives. Nothing but a signal

and most complete victory on the morrow could restore the confidence of the Sepoy, or reinstate the prestige of the British arms. Such resistance as we had met with was wholly unexpected. The horrors of the night of the twenty-first will never be effaced from my memory. During the night there crept into our square many a mutilated wretch, who preferred our protection to the chances of reaching the rear in safety. Many of our own men died from wounds not necessarily fatal. There joined us also officers from other corps, who knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or the army of which they formed a part : so complete was the disorganization of some of the native regiments.

The morning of the twenty-second dawned at last, and with it the action recommenced. During the night the enemy had moved considerable of their guns round, bringing them to bear on that section of the quadrangle which our troops had already captured : but other battalions were now moved rapidly in to their support, the whole deploying into line in the face of a murderous fire.

When all was completed, Sir Hugh Gough took command of the right wing, and Sir Henry Hardinge that of the left ; and the whole line, changing front to the left on its centre, swept through the enemy's camp, driving all before them, and capturing upward of seventy guns. In this brilliant exploit we, the fourth division, took no part, but were now ordered to enter and keep possession of the village of Feroyeshar. We marched down over the ground of yesterday's conflict ; over death in all its most ghastly shapes.

The point at which we entered was that at which the fortunes of the day had been turned by the brilliant charge of the Dragoons. A direr scene of carnage, I conscientiously believe, never met the gaze of man ; an indiscriminate gory mass of men and horses filled up the ditch, while on the other side the parapet, the heap of slain showed the sad reality of 'mortal staring war.'

The Seiks now brought up large reinforcements and fresh guns, with which they threatened to dislodge us, but finally abandoned the attempt, and retired down the river to Hurreekpurthur. Thus ended the battle of Feroyeshar, 'The Waterloo of India.'

For six hours we were occupied in collecting and burying the dead. The last, over whose remains we shovelled the earth, was Major-General Sir Robert Sale, 'the hero of Afghanistan : ' wounded in the action of the eighteenth, he had died in his palanquin on the field of Feroyeshar. When all was over, we were ordered back to our lines.

*December twenty-fifth.* — We have this day, from the Governor-General's camp at Sultan Khan Wallah, the official returns of the action of the twenty-first, namely, two thousand and ninety-six rank and file killed and wounded. And one hundred and fifteen officers killed and wounded. The captured guns have arrived, and are parked on the glacis. Not one of them shows any mark of our shot or shell. They are all of great weight of metal, and large calibre. We hear, also, that the Seiks are preparing for another effort.

## T H E   W I N T E R   R A I N .

'The ghostly rain goes by in haste,' — T. B. ALDRICH.

THE rain comes plashing in my face;  
The whispering wind blows by grimace;  
The clouds reel on with quickening pace,  
    'As the rain sobs drearily.'

The summer-flowers are dead, and gone;  
The leaves have fallen, one by one;  
The silvery waters have ceased to run,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

The angry trees reel in the air,  
With out-stretched arms, so cold and bare,  
And old Æolus is talking there!  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

The warbling birds of summer-time,  
Have flown away to a fairer clime;  
And the aged world is left to pine,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

The church-yard mounds look bleak and bare,  
As the winter rain is falling there,  
And the autumn leaves are rustling sere,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

Twelve lonely months have past and gone,  
Since I gave to earth my darling one,  
And Winter again sits on her throne,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

Now sad old memories steal again,  
Through the arched portals of my brain,  
Bringing me back a ceaseless pain,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

My days are made of unhappy hours:  
My path lies through deserted bowers,  
Where never again will bloom bright flowers,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

I said farewell to happy years,  
When my darling's voice died on my ear:  
That voice I never again shall hear,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

The day is dying in the rain:  
The night has darkened once again,  
And to my mind comes back the pain,  
    As the rain sobs drearily.

*Hastings, (M.T.) December 27, 1857.*

A. B. VORCE.

*The Lia Fail:*

OR THE BRYAN BORU DYNASTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

‘GLENDOWER: ‘I can call spirits from the vasty deep.’

‘HOTSPUR: ‘Why, so can I, or any other man; but will they come, when you do call for them?’

‘GLENDOWER: ‘Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the DEVIL.’—HENRY IV.

THERE is a charm attaching itself to all that is supernatural, so general and potent in its force, that few or none of the human family can say they are entirely free from its mysterious influence. Superstition, the child of Ignorance, is native born in every breast: and though manifested more strongly by those of limited education, yet even to the most cultivated mind, there is such a shadowy, dim uncertainty encircling the actual of the ideal world, that reason, and even speculation, fail to pierce the meaning of this, which is felt, though still unseen. Do we not stand, as it were, on the confines of two worlds; the one visible, the other invisible? Are they not both actual and real, and do they not exert over our every action each its distinct influence? Then let us not dismiss the subject, and blindly say, with Banquo, ‘The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them;’ but, more wisely, let us admit the truth, and say rather, with Hamlet: ‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’ The mandate, ‘Let there be light,’ did not preclude, but only withheld from the visible world, the power of darkness. So, also, with the invisible world: the *sit lux* of the OMNIPOTENT has been said; but the faint light, that trembles before our eyes, has thus far served only to render the darkness behind, more manifest, more overpowering. Our yearnings to grasp the far-beyond must ever be vain. The ebullitions of our desire will still only be answered by the fringy froth which the rolling waves of the future dash against the advancing tide of the present. It is our purpose in this article to treat of only one of the various phases of the supernatural, and that is—prophecy; supernatural, inasmuch as he, the prophet, the soothsayer, or the seer, seems each to have had the power to see far down into the abyss of time, and disclose to the willing though perhaps unbelieving eye, the events that centuries alone could unfold; to produce the full-ripe fruit, without having seen even the germ of the flower. We speak not here of biblical prophecies, for they were given not so much as foretellings of what would be, in this sense; but as declarations of what should be. They were God’s words; and who could doubt their fulfilment? Every age and country has had its own traditional legends; and the history of almost every race can show

proofs of the enactment of marvellously exact predictions. Prophecies of the most minute detail are being brought to pass in the war now carried on between the Eastern and Western powers of Europe.\* In the Posthumous Memoirs of La Harpe can be found some very interesting prophecies regarding the Napoleonic and Bourbonic dynasties. The fall of the latter, the rise of the former; the temporary fall of the former, the reinstatement of the Bourbonic, their second fall, and the resurrection of the Napoleonic, and so on; their entire fulfilment not yet having taken place.

And so we might continue, *ad infinitum*; but it would be irrelevant to our purpose, as well, perhaps, as tiresome to the reader, to detail instances either in national or individual history, of the fulfilment of prophecy; no one will deny the fact, and every one, who has given the subject the least attention, is probably quite familiar with all the evidence we might adduce. So, without farther preliminary, we will launch into our subject proper.

Little is known of the early history of Ireland; and whatever is authentic, we have more from the history of other nations than from its own. We know that it was a bone of contention between various nations for many years; and that, for a long time, it was the scene of all manner of discord, arising from civil, as well as foreign distraction. We know, also, that during the eighth and ninth centuries, it was the seat of learning for all Europe; and that even one of its universities numbered more than seven thousand students; but from the beginning of the eleventh century, when Brian Boru was crowned king of the whole Island, we have an authentic history down to the present day.

Long prior to this, however, the Tuatha de Danaan brought with them from Scandinavia the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, possessing the remarkable property of making a strange noise, and evincing great disturbance whenever a monarch of Ireland, of pure blood, was crowned. A prophecy (and on this depends our story) was attached to it, that whatever country possessed it, should be ruled over by a king of Irish descent, and enjoy uninterrupted success and prosperity. It was preserved at Cashel, where the kings were crowned upon it; subsequently was kept at the Hill of Tara, thence was carried to Scotland by an Irish prince, who succeeded to the crown of that country, and there was preserved till Edward the First conveyed it to England, and placed it under the seat of the coronation-chair of the kings. Such is the recorded history of this singular stone.

In reading it aloud to a friend one day, we both remarked the failure of the prophecy: 'For,' said our friend, 'either the prophecy is a nullity, or Queen Victoria must have a rich sprinkling of Irish blood in her veins: now, we know the latter not to be the case; therefore the prophecy is void.'

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\* A summary of which the reader will find in the May, 1850, Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where, also, he can be referred to the original.

‘Not so fast,’ we said. ‘The original prophecy may have had an amendment affixed, or it may have been conditional, or limited in the first place. Let us find out the truth.’

‘More easily said than done,’ laughed our friend. ‘How can we ever find out the truth? Far easier were it to probe the bowels of the earth, to find the source of *Ætna*’s lava, than to reach back into the gulf of ages to find the heart that beat this faint pulsation of a prophecy.’

‘We bow ourself in gratitude to thy poetical brain,’ we answered; ‘that very gulf of ages has given us an idea. Have not wonderful truths been brought to light of late years, through mediums, who held converse with persons departed this, and now residents of the spirit-world? Let us address ourselves to the task, invoke the spirit of Brian Boru, and demand of him a solution of the mystery.’

No sooner said than it was agreed to, and to the work we went with a determination to find at least amusement, if not profit, therefrom.

Without wearying our readers with a prolonged account of the various means we used to prepare our minds the more fully for the imposing scenes we felt devolved upon us to go through, painful as they might be, we will merely say, that we devoted the better part of eight weeks in visiting the many, and, in some instances, celebrated clairvoyants, scattered over the Middle States; thus accustoming ourselves to the solemnity of spiritual presences, and acquainting ourselves the better with the various invocations, the varied manifestations, and methods of communication; keeping in mind, however, our main object.

To this was devoted the whole of our time; and weary were the days, and sleepless the nights, till a final revelation was made of a place, and a medium, where, and through whom, we might hope to accomplish our desired ends. We had commenced our mission with hopes so elated, that a discomfiture had never even been dreamed of; and what was our astonishment and dismay, when, on one of our first visits, after a very agreeable interview with the spirits of several of the most renowned heroes, rulers, and savans of modern times, we boldly requested an audience with the august hero of Ireland’s earliest history — the founder of a race of kings, never to die out till time shall be no more — what was our astonishment, then, we repeat, on calling for the spirit of Brian Boru, to see our friend, the medium, fall on his face in a swoon, to feel the very air tremble with the suppressed, though clearly enough evinced, terror and affrighted rage of the invisible around us; while over all, and through all, came the one word: ‘Beware!’ This was a lesson not soon to be forgotten, and would have been to less determined minds a check to further progress; but though terrified, we were yet undaunted; still, thereafter, we approached with more of caution, and though time and again we were most unmistakably warned, yet at each succeeding interview with those of the spirit-world, we learned to see deeper and deeper into



their mysterious realm of action, and alas ! were soon convinced that there were unfathomable depths, from which nothing hidden could be brought to mortal view, and therein, we feared, was plunged that which we most desired. Disheartened, we were about to relinquish further investigation, when by chance we learned of an ancient seer, whose divinations and prophecies had astonished the world in centuries gone by. His aid we sought, and he made known to us through a living medium, the only assistance we could ever hope for to aid us in our cherished desire, (an interview with Brian Boru,) and in these words: 'There are twelve, and one is the master. The spirit knoweth its weakness, and like answereth to like. Seek from me no more.'

Homeward we turned, our last hope thus cruelly blasted. What could such an answer be worth to us? How could we resolve such a riddle? 'There are twelve, and one is the master,' was in our thoughts night and day. We could not answer the riddle, neither could we rid our minds of the question. We had given up all hopes of fathoming the mystery, when one day we received a letter from a medium friend at the East, saying: 'Accept the inclosed letter of introduction, etc., etc. You will find the family of Mr. Tipple a highly interesting one; himself, wife, and ten children, all mediums, and very hospitable.'

It flashed like lightning upon us: himself, wife, and ten children; twelve, and one is the master. Surely was not this Tipple at the head of his family? It was. It could not be otherwise. The first part of the riddle was solved, and now to realize the whole. No time was lost, and the morrow found us on our way. Three days we journeyed, and the close of the third found us entering a lovely village, our destination, where the tapering spire, pointing ever to the invisible, inspired a sense of awe; where the active sound of the busy mill mingled with that of the glad water, happy in the good it had done; where the rustic bridge below, spanning the now quiet stream, told of cheerful thrift and strength of union. But our journey was nearly ended; and the setting sun found us the guests of the hospitable Mr. Tipple. In our host we soon found a friend ready to render us every assistance in his power to further our, as he feared, too ambitious object. He had, we learned, devoted much time to researches in the history of this particular Irish dynasty; but although he had, on various occasions, attempted an interview with the spirit of Bryan Boru, yet in every instance had failed. He assured us, however, that he felt it required but the proper material medium, which he had thus far been unable to discover. With renewed strength we applied ourselves to the task; but a fortnight, fraught with many vicissitudes, with weary watchings and sleepless nights, passed, ere the first faint gleam of a realization of our hopes dawned, to announce the approach of the entire day.

Weary and worn, exhausted nature could no longer bear up against a taxation so incessant on our physical powers, and artificial means were necessary to support us in our labors, for even another evening. At this crisis our host announced his possession of

some fine old Monongahela, as the only stimulant he could provide; and furnishing us with a large bowl, and the necessary ingredients for a punch, pleaded illness as an excuse for absenting himself from our society for the rest of the evening; his wife and ten children, also, who had been our constant companions night and day, urged their necessity for rest, and we were left alone. Our invocations were commenced in the usual way, and a prescience of a revelation thrilled our very souls; yet no nearer did we seem to gain our ends.

It was mid-night: and our friend proposed that we should recruit our strength, and try the virtue of the punch. Forthwith the bowl was brought, the whiskey poured, the water added; it was sweetened with sugar, and on its placid surface floated the sectional parts of a lemon. It was palatable; yes, exceedingly so. It was strengthening and reviving. The blood coursed our veins with unwonted vigor. Our invocations were changed to incantations, and 'Tiddy the Tiler,' and 'Rory O'More' we sung, and then struck up the air:

'On! the blundering, thundering Irishman;  
The whiskey-devouring Irishman;  
The roaring, tearing, daring, swearing,  
Whiskey-guzzling Irishman.'

We suddenly stopped. We were sobered. We were as still as death. Is it incident to whiskey-punch to evaporate instantaneously? Certainly not. But the bowl was empty, and a minute before it had been more than half-full. A gurgling noise we had heard — had turned our heads toward the bowl, and had seen its contents disappear. Suddenly a voice:

'How are ye, b'ys? I'm wid ye now, an' be me double shillalah, as was onct a scepter, I'll stay wid ye. Do n't ye know me, ye blhoody thaves? I'm Bryan Boru! D'ye mind what the ould seer tould ye: that the spirit knoweth its wakeness, an' like answereth to like? An' bad luck to ye, ye've just found it out. Fill the bowl again: I have n't wet the tap of me tongue.'

'How was the last to your taste? Was it too sweet, your majesty?' we asked.

'Too swate! Arrah, be aisy, an' I'll till ye how to make a punch. Put in the sugar; add the whiskey; an' evry drap of wather ather that, spoils the punch.'

Three times to the brim was the bowl filled, according to the direction, and three times was it drained in the same mysterious manner, as at first: surely, thought we, the spirit must know its weakness pretty thoroughly by this time. This was our introduction to the presence of this august monarch: he, however, claimed the privilege of being, as he said, 'dthrunk' for the rest of the night; but promised faithfully to wait on us the next evening, and answer whatever we might ask him.

We had been disappointed in one thing, at least, for we had expected to hear nothing but the purest Celtic spoken; how his majesty had acquired the brogue, we leave others to divine, for we

did not ask of him an explanation. However, the next evening the conversation was carried on entirely in the Celtic, except when his majesty condescended to be jocular; and then that 'swate brogue' had a wondrous musical accent. We have not space to detail the whole, and a brief summary of what we that evening learned must suffice. And thus his majesty commenced:

'You are well acquainted with the history of the Lia Fail, that remarkable stone on which I myself was crowned king of the royal domain of Ireland. You know that not long after my demise, it was taken to Scotland, and the popular belief is, that thence it was taken to England; and you yourselves have seen what you supposed to be it, under the chair in which the kings and queens of England are crowned at Westminster; but this is not so. The real history of the stone is this:

'In Scotland a civil war broke out, and a band of Irishmen, who had as their chief one of my own descendants, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country, succeeded in exchanging for it a stone its counterpart in all external respects, and bearing their prize in safety to their native shores. They were not satisfied with this; and influenced by a desire, not only for the safety of the stone, but also that they might hold it in undisputed possession, they trusted themselves in a small vessel to the mercy of the winds and waves to waft them whithersoever they would. They bound their fate to the destiny of the Lia Fail, and dared and braved the elements. For weeks they sailed: at last the rocky shores of your own New-England hove in sight, and there they landed their precious cargo. Who built the Newport Tower, long before the discovery of America by the Spaniards? Yes: by them was that tower, the subject since of many speculations, built; and there for a number of years they lived; but fearing still for the safety of their stone, knowing that other and perhaps stronger bands of colonists might disturb them, they, having secured the friendship of the neighboring tribes of Indians, set off to the then, by white men, unexplored West. For years they were virtually a nomadic tribe, like their copper-colored brethren; and wherever they sojourned they were received as beings of a superior race. At last, an increased and increasing band, they came to the Rocky Mountains. There, to this day, their descendants live. There, undisturbed as yet by the adventurous explorer, in peace and in quiet, guarding their stone, and worshipping their God after their ancient fashion, they have grown to a nation. Surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of hills, they know not of the outer world. And now I have done. I may not, I dare not unveil to your eyes the future. All that you sought, the verification of the prophecy, has been proved to you. Suffice it, that the Lia Fail is concealed in America. Suffice it, that its destiny is not yet fulfilled. Suffice it, that ye heed this, my parting counsel.

'My countrymen are now your countrymen and brothers. Let the bonds of amity, of faith, of friendship and truth, that have now so long existed between you, never be sundered.

'My blessing, and good night.'

## C O L D I N T H E H E A D .

‘BETWEEN nose and eyes a strange contest arose.’—COWPER.

—‘O DARL’G!

Swear dot by the Bood—idcodstadt Bood!

Swear by the blessed Sud!’—INFLUENZA’D LOVER IN PUNCH.

‘POOR TOM has a cold.’—KING LEAR.

I KNOW that in the story of my face  
Are tearful features:  
Of weakness and of falling off from grace—  
Dis-colored preachers.

I know the blush, that o’er my cheek is breaking,  
Is not the rose:  
Nor Mr. SPEAKER would find very taking  
My eyes and nose.

I know that something, in the words I say,  
My speech is balking:  
No courtier-knight would care to spend the day  
With me a-hawking.

I know my breath brings sluggishly and slow  
Its ministrations:  
Gone are my hopes, and very soon may go  
My aspirations.

Even on my mental dwelling-place the door  
Threatens to close;  
Long since and now my brain is very sore  
From heavy blows.

But let not mockery add to the smart  
With words ill-bred:  
Be sure the fault is never in the heart,  
But in the head.

The hard misfortune is not yours to fret  
And sneer and seize at it:  
I’ve got a cold—but then ’t is mine—and let  
No other sneeze at it.

And if the glowing cheek, with less of flame,  
Might well be duller, it  
Were all unkind to add the flush of shame:  
So do not color it.

Or if a redder fire the nose should burn up,  
Much might be said:  
How would MICAWBER, like his famous ‘turn-up,’  
Without ‘the red’?

The tears may be unnatural, although  
I do not sham them:  
But if with faster flood my eyes should flow,  
You need not dam them.

The tongue to clearer speech may be unkind,  
 And I abuse  
 My ms and ns: but shall not others mind  
 Their ps and qs?

And steadily my reason shines, though much  
 And long it suffers:  
 No mental light should ever dim, with such  
 A pair of snuffers.

I'll go to bed, the refuge of the wise  
 In troubled weathers:  
 For sure a very common law allies  
 Ca-tarrh and feathers.

Then let me be, all solace of my woes  
 Still firmly shunning:  
 I'm able yet to follow my own nose,  
 Though that is running.

### *The Lessons of Crime:*

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN 'EXPERT'

'WE did not wait many days,' says our prisoner, 'for the happy moment, before we heard the sentry leave his station on the covered way, and enter the alley, for shelter from the rain.'

'About eleven o'clock at night I made the necessary arrangements for the expedition. The island being in a circular form, I ordered seven men to go round it to the south, while I went round to the north. The reason why I did this, was of the following nature, namely: There was a wharf on the western shore of this island, where the boats were kept, and a sentry placed over them.'

'It was necessary, after we had escaped out of the bomb-proof, to procure a boat, in order to transport ourselves off the island; and as there were none, except what were immediately under the eye of the sentry, the only alternative which remained, was to make the sentry a prisoner, and carry him off with us.'

'As this was a business in which some nicety of conduct was necessary, I chose to trust no one to execute it but myself; and therefore ordered the seven prisoners round the island a different way from what I went myself, and directed them to advance to within fifteen rods of the sentinel, and make a noise sufficient to attract his attention toward them. This would bring the sentry between me and the other seven prisoners; and when he was turned toward them, I should be at his back.'

'Having made these arrangements, all the prisoners silently crawled out of the hole, following them myself, as soon as I saw

they all had passed without any accident. We all met at the spot appointed. I told the men to be cautious, *not* to be in a hurry, not to be in any perturbation; but to proceed leisurely and considerately to the spot appointed. I told them to be five minutes in getting to the spot. I then left them. I hastened round, and arrived as near to the sentry as I thought prudent, about one minute and a half before I heard the noise from the other men. At the noise, the sentry turned and hailed: 'Who comes there?' No answer was made. Immediately on seeing the attention of the sentry turned from me, I arose from my position flat on the ground, and advanced as near as twenty feet, and lay down again. Immediately the noise from the seven men was again renewed; and the sentry's attention was fixed to the object of the noise. He again hailed, in a very peremptory manner, cocked his gun, and made ready to fire.

'By this time I had arisen from the ground, and advanced to within about eight feet of the sentry, when I heard the piece cock, and saw him present it! I immediately darted at him, seized him in an instant, and clapped my hand over his mouth, to prevent him from making a noise, which should alarm the other soldiers on guard. When I first laid hold of him he started, and attempted to get from me, making a noise through his nose, as though very much terrified, crying, 'Eh! eh! eh!' I told him that the least noise from him should produce instant death.

'After I had sufficiently terrified him, I took my hand from his mouth, and told him that no harm should befall him, so long as he behaved in a peaceable manner. I took his gun and cartridge-box from him.

'The other prisoners now coming up, we all went into the barge, carrying ten oars, and put off.

'It was now about half-an-hour past twelve at night, it being extremely dark and rainy, and nothing to steer by, except mere conjecture. We were ignorant of the time of tide, whether it was ebbing or flowing; and consequently could not tell which way we drifted: however, we determined to row until we came to some land.'

Some of Burroughs' fellow-prisoners endeavor to throw the poor sentry over-board, but are prevented by Burroughs' manly, humane, and determined opposition. They at length succeed in reaching land:

'The day began to dawn, and we found it necessary to look after some place to which we could retire from the observation of the inhabitants, all the men, except myself, being dressed in the uniform of the Castle, and of course, would be noticed by the first observer. Some proposed retiring into a swamp, and secreting ourselves in its dark recesses: some proposed the plan of going into the first grove of wood, and climbing up to the top of some trees, and securing ourselves that way. To these proposals I made the following reply: 'It is likely, that as soon as day-light has fairly appeared, the inhabitants of the country will be alarmed, and warm pursuit will be made after us; and every place, where the inhabitants will think it likely that we should hide, will be searched by them, in the most critical manner. No places will be sought more thoroughly than thick



swamps and high bushy trees: therefore, it will be our best way to hide where the people will not look after us, if such a place may be found. For my own part, I had rather take my chance, under present circumstances, in the open field than in a swamp, or at the top of a tree.

The objects of the swamp and woods were immediately relinquished, and they all seemed content to leave the matter to my judgment entirely. We travelled on with rapidity about one mile farther, and then came into a little thicket of houses, and a barn standing immediately on the road among them: this barn we all entered, and found two mows of hay.

I ascended one mow, and having taken up the hay by flakes, near the side of the barn, to the depth of six feet, three of us went down, and the hay fell back into its former situation, covering us entirely over at the same time. I had ordered the other two to go on to the other mow, and do as they had seen me. They accordingly went, and I supposed all secure.

Not long after this, there came a number of women into the barn to milk the cows. Soon after, I heard children round the barn, as though they were in pursuit of something with a dog. I soon found that a skunk was their object, under the barn. However, when the women had finished milking their cows, the children were all ordered into the house, this day being Sunday.

To my astonishment and surprise, the two men, who had gone on to the other mow, now came over where I was, and told me they could not find a place to hide; 'and indeed,' said they, 'we do not like to be so far off, for it appears to us that we shall be taken if we are!' How I felt under this situation you will readily conceive, by supposing yourself in my place, and people expected into the barn every minute to fodder their cattle! I jumped out of my place, told them to lie down in a moment, covered them over with hay, and returned into my place, just as the young men came into the barn to take care of their cattle.

They came on to the mow where we were lying, and took the hay from it for their cows, but made no discovery: and yet, notwithstanding all this, one of our men, by the name of BURREL, whom I had covered over with hay, was asleep before the young men went out of the barn, and snored so loud as to be heard; but the men did not know what noise it was, nor where it came from.

Immediately after these men had left the barn, I again jumped out of my hole, went to BURREL, who had uncovered his head entirely, waked him, and expostulated with him in the severest terms.

We lay quiet all the forenoon, without any accident: during this time I endeavored to make some arrangements in my own mind for my future conduct. I concluded that I should be able to reach the State of Rhode-Island by the next morning, when I should be no longer obliged to travel under cover of the night; when I could again mix with society, without viewing them as my open and declared enemies.

We heard the various bells ringing at Dorchester meeting-houses for the exercises of the day. The forenoon meeting was finished, and the first bell for the exercises of the afternoon was ringing, when a number of men came into the barn to put a horse into the chaise standing on the barn-floor. The streets were full of people going to the meeting-house. A number of children came likewise into the barn with the men, and climbed on to the mow, where we lay secreted, looking for hens' nests. At this moment BURREL began again to snore, which brought the children immediately to the spot where he lay, and his head being uncovered, they saw it, and cried out: 'Daddy, Daddy, here's the skunk! here's the skunk!' It hardly appeared credible to the old gentleman that a skunk should be on the hay-mow; he therefore manifested some doubt as to his children's report; but they were determined he should believe them, and affirmed it again with warmth: 'It certainly is a skunk, Daddy, for it has got ears.'

The peculiar manner in which this was uttered, made the people on the barn-floor think something uncommon was there. They accordingly ascended the mow, to the number of eight or nine, in order to satisfy themselves concerning this matter. By this time BURREL, awakening, saw he was discovered, and began to pull the hay over his head. Those who were on the mow saw it, and were now convinced that the children, in fact, had seen something that had ears. They took

the pitch-fork and moved the hay which lay over these two men, and immediately saw that they were convicts, escaped the preceding night from the Castle.

'The barn was instantly filled with people from the street, on the alarm being given of these men.

'Through the whole scene, from the first opening of the barn by the men who were about putting the horse into the chaise, till this time, my feelings were of the keenest kind. When I had succeeded with all the plans for escape thus far; when I had endured, with so much patience, a course of such incredible labor, as what I performed in breaking through the bomb-proof; when I had, furthermore, overcome the difficulties of making the sentry a prisoner, of preserving him from death, of finding the land we sought through the thickest shades of night, and the uncertainty of being drifted out of our course by adverse tides; and then, by a retrograde course of incidents, to be deprived of the object, to which all these labors were directed, was a prospect which filled my mind with the keenest anxiety, and kept my fears in a perpetual state of alarm.

'I heard the children around the hay-mow with the utmost pain. I heard BURREL's snoring with indignation and horror! I now almost gave myself over for lost! But what were my sensations when the people ascended the mow and discovered these two convicts, plainly seeing who they were by their dress?

'However, all hope of escape was not lost. I thought it yet possible to remain undiscovered, if the two convicts behaved with any prudence, seeing we were so far under the hay. The question was asked, 'What had become of the other prisoners who had made their escape?' BURREL answered that he should not tell, 'but if they were any where in that barn, they are right down there,' pointing with his finger to the spot where we in fact were. With this information, they began the search again, pitching the hay from the spot, till they came down to the place where we had been secreted.

'The feeble twig upon which my last hopes remained, was now broken, and I sunk into a state of despair. All my fond hopes were lost in a moment, and I found myself only fallen into a state of greater wretchedness, in the room of being liberated from my former misery.'

The whole *posse* were now carried to a public house, and kept there until a guard came from the island, and conducted them all back again, when Burroughs was placed in irons.

'THE next morning we were all summoned with great pomp and ceremony before the three officers, sitting as a court-martial, and there heard an enumeration of the crimes laid to our charge, which amounted to five in number, namely, first, breaking the jail; second, carrying the sentry from his post; third, taking the arms and ammunition of the garrison, and carrying them away; fourth, taking the boat belonging to the garrison and carrying it off the island; fifth, and lastly, deserting from our state of confinement.

'Of all these crimes we were found guilty, and received sentence of thirty-nine stripes for each, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, amounting in all to one hundred and ninety-five lashes; we however obtained a remission of ninety-five, and received one hundred only, the next day at sun-setting.

'The three prisoners, who went away by themselves, were likewise this day retaken and brought on to the island, tried and sentenced; therefore, at sun-setting, there were eight of us brought to the whipping-post, stripped, and punished according to the sentence.

'The sentry, whom we had made prisoner, had returned unto the island the morning after his captivity, and had given a very just relation of the events which had taken place while he was our prisoner; of consequence, when the punishment was inflicted on me, it was a name rather than a reality. The others, and more particularly three of them, were punished with great severity, the flesh flying off at every stroke.'

Burroughs made but one more attempt to escape from the island,

but this involved conduct of so heinous a character that he was scourged with one hundred lashes, until his shoes were full of blood, and he was also kept in painful irons for a space of more than two months.

With one single exception, this terminated the criminal courses of Stephen Burroughs — an assault, with an intent to violate the person of a lady, which he denied to the last, and for which he always declared he was made to suffer wrongfully.

The following interesting account of the last years of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, is from the pen of Hon. ISAAC F. REDFIELD, Chief-Justice of the State of Vermont :

'THE country has produced few men of equal or similar capacity, to the late STEPHEN BURROUGHS, who, after a long life of turmoil, of commotion, and not seldom of vice and wickedness, and a few years comparatively of quiet and penitence, was laid to rest in the communion of the Roman Church, upon the banks of the majestic monarch of waters, the mighty St. Lawrence, in a small Canadian town, where he had made a quiet and hopeful close of a most eventful life. We chanced to meet him there, in the summer of 1833, and in the winter of 1838. He seemed altogether absorbed in his studies, and in the contemplation of his speedy departure to a better life; but never sober, certainly not sad, and not often grave or solemn, but more commonly playful, and always cheerful. But he never, save once, in the remotest allusion, referred to his former course of life. In one of our first interviews, when conversation took rather a sombre direction, with reference to my own broken health at the time, he said he thought I need not be discouraged. He did not expect to live out half his days at my age, but was now nearly seventy! I inquired if his health was feeble at that period of life. 'No,' said he, 'but every one then said I should be hanged before I was forty!'

'At my last visit to Three-Rivers, where he spent all his reformed life, I was often at his rooms, and derived much satisfaction, and no little advantage, from his conversation. He had an extensive library of choice books; seemed to be a busy student, and much employed in writing, but nothing has ever been published from his pen since his conversion to the Romish Church. His room was hung round with copies, or originals of the master-pieces of some of the distinguished painters of Christian life and suffering, and every thing about him indicated very convincingly the genuineness of his repentance and reformation.

'Few men possessed such extraordinary powers of conversation. His manners were courteous and dignified, without being distant or affected, and he possessed the happy faculty of communicating vast stores of knowledge, which his extensive reading, and long and varied experiences of life had accumulated, without any apparent consciousness of his being the instructor or you the pupil. After some days of gratifying acquaintance, I left him, with sincere regret, and most unaffected admiration of his strongly-diversified talents, and most extraordinary conversion from sin and crime to a life of penitence and devotion.

'There has been a great deal said and published of his history and that of his family, most of which is purely fictitious, or somewhat travestied, as scarcely to be recognized by the side of the simple truth. His early life is sufficiently described in the two volumes published nearly half-a-century since.

'But little authentic is really known of his later history. There were really many strange providences in his decline and death, which, as they did not result in any half-breadth escapes, or thick-coming accidents by flood or field, are scarcely deemed of sufficient consequence to be rehearsed. One of the most striking of these is in regard to his eldest son, the particulars of which I gathered from eye-witnesses many years since, and some portion from the father himself, but nothing which concerned himself.

'While STEPHEN BURROUGHS resided in one of the eastern townships in Canada East, he maintained the chief deposit of counterfeit bills of the State banks, and

finally sent his eldest son into the United States upon some mission connected with this illegal traffic.

The son was arrested and committed to prison, and bailed by some friends of his grand-father, the Reverend EDEN BURROUGHS of Hanover, (New-Hampshire,) a most exemplary minister of the Gospel.

These friends persuaded this son, then a mere lad, to abandon his father, and shift for himself in a life of virtue. He went immediately to Three-Rivers, passing his father's house almost without calling, and entered the employ of the Chief-Justice of the province, SEWALL, as a chore-boy. He soon manifested such genius and aptitude for professional pursuits, that his employer placed him in a position to become a Notary-public, (which is a subordinate rank in the profession of law in the Canadian provinces, similar to a conveyancer in England,) and finally an advocate at the bar. While employed in this last capacity, the Court were constantly annoyed by delays in the trials of causes, consequent upon the absence of files of former cases in the prothonotary's office, there being at that time no printed reports of the former decisions of the King's Bench Court of the province. During one of these perplexing interruptions in a cause in which young BURROUGHS appeared as counsel, he took occasion to speak severely of the confused manner in which the papers were kept in a prothonotary's office. Whereupon that officer, in a rage at being thus handled by a young advocate, rose and desired the Court to employ Mr. BURROUGHS to arrange the papers in his office! Mr. BURROUGHS, nothing daunted, replied he would be glad to do so. This resulted in an arrangement between him and the prothonotary, then somewhat advanced in years, by which BURROUGHS, for compensation, undertook to rearrange all the papers in the office, which had then become massive, almost beyond conjecture to the clerk of a court where trials are had according to the course of common law.

The next term of the court, the judges noticed a wonderful change in regard to papers called for being immediately forthcoming, and inquired of the prothonotary how this change came about. This gentleman rose in open court, and declared that he deemed it his duty to declare that it was owing altogether to the wonderfully perfect arrangement of his papers by Mr. BURROUGHS. The curiosity of the judges was so excited, that they immediately adjourned to the prothonotary's office, in another portion of the building, and examined for themselves. Their admiration of young BURROUGHS' work was such that, in the course of the term, they told the old prothonotary that they deemed it proper to make some marked notice of such a distinguished service to the Province, and had concluded, with his assent, to appoint BURROUGHS an assistant prothonotary, with the right to half the emoluments of the office, which were enormous, amounting to about twenty-five thousand pounds currency, or one hundred thousand dollars annually. To this the incumbent readily acceded, and in consequence, BURROUGHS, in twenty or thirty years, became the wealthiest man in Quebec, having been sole prothonotary after the decease of his colleague, not long after his own appointment.

The result of this change in the son's circumstances, and his liberal use of his wealth, brought about a strange metamorphosis in the fortune of his father's family. The time of which I speak, his father was living in comfort, and quiet, and Christian purity, at Three-Rivers, maintained exclusively by himself.

He had one brother, a highly respectable merchant in Montreal, and one sister, a useful teacher of girls in that city, and one sister, the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Three-Rivers, and all seemingly induced by his own change of purpose, at a period in life when most persons scarcely begin to reflect.

If this narrative is worth any thing, it is chiefly, perhaps, from the consideration that it is altogether authentic.

The strangest fictions in regard to the course of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, after he conformed to the Romish Church, have been manufactured and circulated chiefly, it is possible to conjecture, to prejudice the public mind against the belief in the merits of conversion to that Church from Protestant communions, or Protestant families and education. It was long believed in all simplicity that STEPHEN BURROUGHS immediately became a high dignitary in that Church, and accumulated wealth both out of the fees and perquisites of his office, but chiefly in pardoning sins and granting absolution and acts of indulgence; than which nothing is farther

from the truth, or more absurd to one who learned the facts upon the ground by personal observation. Instead of holding high position in the Church, he only entered the portals of her sacred precincts as a penitent, himself seeking, in great humility, pardon for the multiplied offences of a long life of sin and wickedness. Instead of rolling in wealth and luxury, he subsisted upon the bounty of a son whom, he was pained to reflect, he had labored to seduce from virtue and truth, and who had been snatched from the burning cinders as by a miracle. Instead of being attended by a retinue of strangers, he was himself the servant of all his personal wants, and patiently waiting his departure from a life of pain, and sorrow, and penitence, to one which, in the eye of Faith, he saw, as more consoling, more quiet, more abiding; but which was sadly dimmed and darkened to his earthly vision by the recollection of grievous sins and atrocious crimes.'

The following appeared in a New-York journal twenty-two years ago. It contains many interesting facts:

'TAKE him for all in all, STEPHEN BURROUGHS was probably one of the most singular men, whose virtues and whose errors were ever a blessing and a cursing, to himself in particular, and society in general. Though guilty, during the spring, summer, and a portion of the autumn of his life, of errors and follies, equalled in number and variety only by their number, he yet really possessed a soul overflowing with benevolence, and a heart easily melted by the voice of suffering. In him the principles of good and evil were so strangely mixed up, that it was difficult to decide whether the doing of a criminal or a charitable deed gave him the most satisfaction. One who knew him well, in the palmy days of his iniquity, and could not, at that time, but admire him for his great intelligence and good humor, has often remarked to the writer of this notice, that he could never tell whether STEVE — as he used familiarly to call him — most delighted in recounting his errors or his benevolent acts.

'But, after a long course of crime and of goodness, a change, somehow or other, came over the spirit of STEPHEN'S dream; he 'took up the business of being a respectable man!' and well and honorably did he follow that business, as his many friends — enemies he had none — who were long his neighbors, will all cheerfully testify. He resided, for many years, in Shipton, Lower Canada, on the banks of the noble river St. Francis, where he married, at the age of about sixty, a charming, black-eyed girl of nineteen, who, in about a twelve-month after the knot was tied, presented her aged but loved and loving lord, with as fine and healthy a female baby as ever filled a father's heart with joy. He supported himself and little family, for several years, by receiving and educating, at his residence, young lads, the sons of wealthy gentlemen of Montreal, Three-Rivers, Quebec, and other places. These young lads looked up to their aged tutor — who had an exceedingly happy tact of imparting knowledge to his pupils — as to a kind father; and, at the expiration of their studies, quitted his pleasant dwelling with the utmost regret. Although the morning and noon of his life was cloudy and forbidding, the evening was blameless and peaceful. Reformation never got hold of a harder customer than when she took STEPHEN BURROUGHS in hand, and never did she perform her work more completely or effectually. His many virtues will ever be remembered with feelings of pleasure by those who knew him well during the best, though too small portion, of his long life.'

We close our prolonged account of the doings of an 'American Expert,' with the admirable letter of Chief-Justice REDFIELD, and the foregoing paragraph: well assured, that a long career of error, closed by an exemplary life of good deeds, and good-will toward men, can have none but a salutary effect upon all who may read it. Let but the victim of error know that he may close a long life of vice with the rewards of sincere reformation, something surely is gained, not to him only, but to society.

## E A R L Y   M A N H O O D .

THERE 's not in all this wondrous world  
An object more to be admired  
Than manhood, in its fresh young life,  
With eager Hope inspired.

The brightness of the flame within  
Beams clearly from the sparkling eye,  
And proudly, on the polished brow,  
Sits resolution high.

Think not I claim superior worth,  
Or would, brave youth, thy tasks assign :  
Yet pause awhile, and let my soul  
Speak earnestly to thine.

Oh ! let it be a sacred fire  
Which glows within thine ardent heart :  
And let thy resolution be  
Nobly to act thy part.

So listen to the voice within,  
That its least whisper may be heard :  
For, though it be a still, small voice,  
It speaks full many a word.

Let thought be free, and bravely speak  
The dictates of thy noble soul,  
Guarding thine independent mind  
With resolute control.

Nor ever be thy gifted tongue  
A traitor to thine honest thought,  
But be each word thy lips may speak  
With earnest meaning fraught.

And warfare wage with him who dares  
To force thee to approve his deed ;  
Let neither threats, nor bribes, nor sneers,  
Thine own free thoughts impede.

Never engage in deeds which must  
An insult to all justice prove :  
Each fetter, forced upon thy mind,  
Let thy strong hand remove.

And ne'er may thine immortal soul  
Be wedded to earth's pomp and glare :  
Thy spiritual nature make  
Thy first, thy highest care.

When JESUS came to bless mankind,  
Pure goodness was on earth revived :  
Come, learn of HIM, and strive to live  
As our REDEEMER lived.



HE taught the scorning, selfish world  
The wonder-working power of LOVE,  
Which renovates and purifies,  
And draws the soul above.

Nor did his great, heroic heart,  
E'er quail before Oppression's frown ;  
With meek yet God-like dignity  
HE wore his thorny crown.

Such was our MASTER ; so may we  
True to our God-like natures prove ;  
We, once in God's fair image made,  
May be restored by Love.

May you and I, whate'er our lot,  
Be found among earth's chosen few,  
Who, fearing God, and loving Man,  
Ever the right pursue.

And may it be our noble aim,  
To elevate our brother — man ;  
Onward to speed the glorious work,  
Which CHRIST our LORD began.

Our God to serve, mankind to bless :  
Be this our honest, anxious care ;  
'T will be life's dearest privilege,  
Thus life's dark road to cheer.

STANLEY.

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L A S T N I G H T .

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AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

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LAST night again I saw my Love, and by  
Her side I sat, and gazed into her eyes,  
And felt their beams, that now glanced fitfully  
Aside, adown, like light of April skies,  
And now in full tide poured into my soul,  
Enkindle deep responsive fire in me.  
I felt my being glow, and rise, and roll,  
Then charmed lie, as lies a charmed sea.  
Long time into her eyes' depths dreamily  
I gazed, and gazed, until I seemed to soar  
Within an ever-deepening, ceaseless eve,  
Where she, with roses twined, dwelt evermore,  
And rosy chaplets for the loved did weave.  
Anon, the love-tones she did lisp the while,  
Stole over me, and mingled with that sky :  
And then I woke, and saw the blush, the smile,  
That hovered on her face retiringly ;  
And to that blissful heaven again I flee.

## A B O S T O N P U B L I C S C H O O L

T W E N T Y Y E A R S A G O .

CHOICE specimens of the youth of Boston were, at appointed seasons, twenty years ago, offered a sacrifice by superstitious parents, to the cause of free school education. I think the custom still exists. Immense sums in taxes, drawn from a confiding and docile public, were devoted to the erection of temples of horrid proportions, dedicated to this idol of the Bostonians; buildings, where an incongruous assemblage of young people acquired so great a disgust for the rudiments of their native language, that those who out-lived the trial, and from natural energy of temperament did not fall into helpless fatuity, seldom, in after-years, cared to renew an acquaintance with the studies of their youth.

Born under the shadow of one of these seats of learning, it was decreed that when Nature should endow me with the quantity of physical strength necessary for the torture, I should be incarcerated and crammed. In a rambling way, I will give what my memory holds of that time.

I write in tremor: I know that every Boston pupil, after his allowance of indigestible knowledge has been forced into him, steps from the threshold with the implied understanding, that he is to inform the world that the shrine of Minerva can only be found within the dusty precincts of a Boston Public School. No stranger, incompetent to perform the part of one of the early Christian martyrs, should, within the city limits, lisp a word against this fallacy. As well might he allude sneeringly to the memory of Washington; and, were I an actual resident of the city, these scattered but truthful recollections, would not exist in writing.

The age fixed for my immolation was nine. Other youths, varying from seven to ten years of age, composed, with me, the oblation. We were examined, found generally to know nothing, and admitted. We were arranged on a long bench, and for a few days let alone, the master having probably forgotten us; this period we improved by thinking of the evils to come, nerving ourselves to meet them like youth of spirit, and trying in vain to get used to the odor of decayed pedagogism pervading the building. After a probation of five days on this bench, we were suddenly incorporated into the lowest, or eighth class, which contained about twenty-five boys. The school, consisting of these eight classes, seemed, the first day of our appearance, to be full; and whither the fifteen youths were translated, whose seats were made vacant for our convenience, I have never been able to divine. I only know there always was room, once a month, for ten or fifteen green hands, while the adult community outside understood that two hundred covered the extreme capacity of the room.

This eighth class, of which we now formed a part, familiarly

known as the 'dirty eighth,' was mostly composed of lads of Irish birth or descent, swarming to school from lodging-houses, where, no doubt, a philanthropist might have been ascertained, by personal observation, what number of human beings could place their main liquid reliance on one rotten well of brackish water. These boys emitted a pungent odor, fearfully suggestive of cholera, and, at times, young as all of them were, an odor more pungent still, of a flavor strange to me then, which experience has since taught me was the fumes of New-England rum and molasses. With a few feeble exceptions, the 'dirty eighth' mitigated the irksomeness of study by the mild stimulant of tobacco, chewed in its coarser forms; this, as some of them with delightful frankness informed me, they 'hooked' on the wharves, in the little predatory excursions which consumed the greater portion of their time out of school hours. An examination of my head by my mother, soon after my admission, induced her to believe — indeed, she stated the same, in her firm manner, to my father — that this favored band enjoyed the companionship of those vermin, the sight of one of which inspired Robert Burns to the production of a most characteristic illustration of his genius.

An observing eye, in passing from the eighth through the intermediate classes to the first, might have noticed a gradual improvement in appearance and habits, but not sufficiently marked to strike a casual visitor. The older boys of the first two classes, impregnated with the cunning of this world, were remarkably proficient in the art of lying; where twenty or thirty were severely punished each day, for no greater crime than a glance at a neighbor, or a cough louder than seemed proper to the presiding tyrant, it was not surprising, when a simple falsehood would avert the ferule, the blunted moral sense of the boys should resort to it.

For some months I remained in the seventh and eighth divisions, in a state of light stupefaction, uncertainty brooding over my mind — the general monotony varied by an occasional dash at the spelling-book, and a weak effort, now and then, to insert specimens of my cramped chirography in a copy-book. About three times a week a feruling was administered me for 'doing nothing;' this kept up an unhealthy excitement, while a foreign boy, happily gifted with cross-eyes, which enabled him to keep one on the master and the other on me, thus escaping detection, at intervals thrust a pin into various portions of my body. This pleasing sport, which, to speak candidly, annoyed me, was continued with fair success for some weeks. At last, in the exuberance of youth, and reckless of consequences, I rose to the occasion, and banged him on the head with the edge of my spelling-book; at the same time, wishing to do the handsome thing by him while I was in the humor, I carefully poured the contents of an ink-stand on his hair, and was proceeding to shampoo him with the same, when I was seized by the master, and thrashed.

From this time until I enjoyed the bliss of leaving this establishment, I was regarded as a heartless ruffian. At regular periods I

was exhibited to weak committee-men as one utterly lost ; and was occasionally reminded by the master that the world, especially that portion of it known as the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council, looked upon me with loathing and contempt.

The gentleman who acted as principal of the school, so well combined in his character the qualities of the brute and the pedagogue, that even now I think of him with horror. No description of mine will place him, in his native ugliness, before the reader. He was one of a class who ruled in the Boston Public Schools for many a year, and there are, doubtless, some like him still to be found. In the days I speak of, New-Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut exported, in a large way, an inferior article of school-master for the Boston market. Thus the youth of the city had before them as models for imitation, gaunt, ill-bred countrymen, whose daily habits were filthy, whose minds were mean and common-place, and who seemed to be determined to earn their salaries by as little true labor as possible. Such men as these brought the honorable profession of school-master into contempt among the little fellows about them. A teacher should certainly possess gentlemanly tastes and manners, and be sufficiently a man of the world to hold that influence over his pupils a knowledge of human life and human nature always carries with it.

Mention has been made of committee-men. They were sometimes physicians with limited practice, or preachers on small salaries waiting for a louder call — shallow adventurers in the fields of science and theology. The committee-man, who chiefly had charge of our school, was an amiable doctor : he made a mild style of visit two or three times a year, sat in melancholy state on a raised platform, while the master obsequiously whispered in his ear false reports of our progress in knowledge. To whom the doctor, in his turn, reported, whether to the Mayor, Aldermen, or some other committee-men, or to nobody at all — which is most likely — I could not then say. The younger boys firmly believed that their names, accompanied by hieroglyphics representing divers degrees of obloquy, were hanging in state, somewhere within the city-buildings, and that wherever this place might be, there, guarded by constables, was the lair of school committee-men. The grotesque politeness lavished upon our one committee-man by the master, although ludicrous in its exhibition, was unpleasant in its consequences, for at the close of each visit, a score or more of fellows were summoned to receive the reward due them, for indulging in that propensity to grin, which, through all time, has been an attribute of youth.

It may be unnecessary to state, that under this description of government, knowledge of such branches of learning as grammar, history, and geography, was darkly communicated. At a rough guess, I should say that grammar particularly suffered. Of this important study, the master held no clear idea, and, in his daily converse, used a mongrel and false English, whose disreputable flavor yet lingers on my tongue, or oozes from the end of my pen.

We were, indeed, required to learn by rote certain rules — to parse certain sentences ; but the honest explanation which should attend each step was wanting.

At last, feeling the whole thing to be a failure and a hoax, yet not able to induce my parents to adopt my view of the matter, (they, like other good Boston people, were grovelling at the feet of the city-idol,) I, preferring freedom to thralldom, with the fruitfulness of boyish resources, conspired with kindred spirits, scoured the city, engaged with enthusiasm in many deviltries, and set the common decencies of solid Boston at defiance. This course of action, politely termed 'playing truant,' we styled, in imaginative language, 'hooking Jack.' In it I was a master. With modest pride I look back at this phase of my young life. One day at least in every week I was missing from the school-room — and I was never detected. A fine and highly-cultivated talent for prevarication, then often recklessly exercised, but now, tamed to conventionality, productive only of pleasure to a small but virtuous circle, enabled me to escape unmerited chastisement. To this I added another accomplishment. I became a forger. In every case of absence a note from one of my parents was necessary to prove to the master that the non-appearance was sanctioned by the home government. These notes I wrote, taking the precaution to subscribe them with my mother's name. Poets, philosophers, and divines have intimated in different phrase that age cools the passions. For a reason drawn from this adage, I did not, until after my marriage, inform my mother of the unauthorized use of her name ; the fact seemed to please her, for she smiled. Had she known it in the freshness of the crime, when the proportions of a short-jacket left that part of the frame exposed, where maternal wrath is wont to vent itself, I should have been caged and whipped.

Time rolled on ; five years I had suffered at this establishment, and the last day of my imprisonment arrived. It was the day appointed for the yearly examination. Three unfortunate boys, tale-bearers and prime favorites of the master, received the Franklin medals, and at the dismissal of the school were hooted at by their unsuccessful comrades. It has always been my belief that the late Doctor Franklin was a person endowed with more than an ordinary share of intelligence ; but I am, notwithstanding, surprised that he should have cast the weight of his influence, and a portion of the savings of a somewhat economical life, in favor of the medal system. With respect for his memory, I may be permitted to differ from him. This system excites the worst and meanest passions in the breasts both of the recipients and the disappointed. At the period I write of, it was a notorious fact, that the worthiest did not receive the medals ; they fell to the lot of toadies and tale-bearers. This opinion against medal-giving is not a prejudice ; if it be considered so, it is one entertained by many wiser than I. No ; not because I was unworthy of that magnificent reward of merit, a Franklin medal, do I assert that the sooner the metal

destined for these remembrances of the deceased philosopher shall be melted for a more useful and domestic purpose, the better will it be for the Boston Public Schools.

The exhibition and presentation over, I was dismissed forever. It may be proper to record here that, with another wicked boy, I lay in wait at the corner of the street until the appearance of our late master, when, joining his hated name to epithets there would be an impropriety in introducing in print, we raised our voices against him and fled.

Depressed in spirits, and unfitted for active life, I left this school, and it was not until a year or two afterward, while studying under one, at once the Christian, the teacher, and the gentleman, that I found that school-days could be made the happiest portion of life, a sentiment seldom entertained by the students of the Boston Public Schools twenty years ago. Since my emancipation, I have, at different periods, passed many months in Boston, but I confess I have never felt disposed to look for myself into the improvements said to have been introduced into the great Institution. It may be true that such improvements are introduced; and it may be, although the body may now be exempt from cruel stripes, the callow mind may be oppressed with a weight of learning it cannot bear; the faded, dreamy look of the poor, narrow-chested boys and girls, who are annually presented with bouquets, ice-creams, and general confectionery at Faneuil Hall by the Mayor, warrants the belief, that less of the public school, and more play, would make Jack a brighter, better boy, and a more intelligent man, and little Fanny more likely to become the mother, one of these days, of some half-a-dozen healthy, dirty, jolly babies.

THAT old school-house, now enlarged, still drearily frowns upon the smaller buildings about it, as it did twenty years ago. The masters who then reigned are gone, and others have, in turn, assumed the sovereign power. But not as is told in pretty story-books and unnatural novels do the pupils of those days, with longing hearts, now dream of their vanished school-days; to them, those days were a time of trouble and probation; no visions of shady lanes leading to rustic little school-houses, possess their minds, for the frowning red-brick building of their youth allies itself to no memory unconnected with a shudder.

Peace be with you, O friends of those unhappy days!

Good luck go with you, Sam H —, whose corpulent young form was so often banged to a painful jelly by our esteemed master. I here acknowledge to have received, ten years since, a letter from you, written from some barbaric clime, the unfortunate composition of which evinced but too plainly thou hadst got thy learning at a Boston Public School.

Peace be with you, kind-hearted Jack S —! branded as a villain by our tyrant, who, as he daily whacked thee, predicted thou wouldst one day be a pirate on the high seas, but who art



now preaching the Gospel to the heathen. Thou wert good, but dull, Jack, and thy discourses are better fitted for the heathen than for us.

Glory to you, Bill W —, now master mariner, who smote the ruffian on the head with his own ferula, one pleasant summer day, and fled the school-room, never to return. Fair winds attend thee!

And now I banish, forever, all remembrance of thee, O dingy School-House! Perchance in days to come, the tale of thy destruction by flood or fire, may meet my eye in the columns of some Boston newspaper: then will I cast my hat high in air, and with all the vigor of my lusty days, vociferate three cheers, rejoicing in thy fall.

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LINES: TO PART NO MORE.

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BY S. CAMERON.

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WHEN in the halls the twinkling feet  
Pursue the dance,  
And beaming eyes, and music sweet,  
Make gay romance:

Or when amid the silent bowers,  
Beside the sea,  
Awake not 'mid the happy hours,  
One thought of me.

But if a sad, disturbing care,  
Should wound thy heart,  
Or sorrow 'gainst thy bosom dare  
To wing his dart:

Oh! then, one tearful thought bestow  
On him whose sleep  
Is where the dewy wild-flowers grow,  
And willows weep.

Though on fond memory I would live  
When I'm laid low,  
Yet to thy bosom would not give  
One throb of wo.

O life of painted bliss and pain!  
Would thou wert o'er:  
In better worlds we'll meet again,  
To part no more.

## L I L L I A N L E E .

BY CHARLES QUAIN.

I AM growing old, and my head is gray,  
 My frame is bowed with weight of years :  
 Of earthly hope no single ray  
 To light me on my weary way  
 Appears :  
 But my heart is full when I think of the past,  
 And my glance through the mist of memory cast  
 (Forgive these tears)  
 Brings back sweet thoughts of my youth to me —  
 Of my youth, and of LILLIAN LEE.

The story's old — of youthful love,  
 And vows and hope and bliss above  
 Thought or degree,  
 Most like a dream, or a tale that's told,  
 But that dream was more than true to me  
 And I revelled in its reality,  
 For a love that never could grow cold,  
 Was the love of LILLIAN LEE.

Beautiful? yes, as the gentle star  
 That beams on the brow of eve afar :  
 But naught of earth, be it never so fair,  
 Can the voice of my heart dare to compare  
 With her,

My own, my bright, my beauteous bride :  
 Could I sit for one hour her side beside,  
 And gaze in the soul of her hazel eye,  
 I would live for years, though I wish to die!  
 Yet I know not if beautiful she were  
 Save unto me :

I only know I loved her — LILLIAN LEE.

And she loved me : and we were blest ;  
 Nor came a care to ruffle our breast,  
 Nor a thought of ill to ripple the flow  
 Of our blended lives, or turn to woe  
 The joy of love :  
 Ah ! only ye its bliss who know  
 Its bitterness may prove !

Alas ! for the stream of our wedded lives,  
 That flowed in peerless purity ;  
 'Twas partly quenched at the fountain-head,  
 And partly staid in its narrowed bed,  
 And the channel is seared and dry !  
 But though little joy my soul derives  
 From the thought of joy that's past to me,  
 Yet I cherish the wound, and foster the pain,  
 And I love the thought, though it racks my brain,  
 When memory brings back my youth again,  
 And my loving LILLIAN LEE.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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EUROPEAN ACQUAINTANCE: BEING SKETCHES OF PEOPLE IN EUROPE. By J. W. DE FOREST, Author of 'Oriental Acquaintance,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 276. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume forms an exception to most modern books of travel in Europe, of which we began, in common, we may presume, with most other American readers, most heartily to tire. Florid descriptions of scenery, half-made up from MURRAY's guide-books, and the other half, of affected enthusiasm, or still more affected knowledge, one could hardly 'possess his soul in patience' while trying to accomplish their perusal. And their stupidity was astonishing, their number was almost equally so. Young bloods, who carried their brains in their pockets, and old dyspeptic bores, who had n't any, felt it incumbent upon themselves to enlighten their benighted countrymen concerning the wonderful 'sights to be seen' on the other side of the Atlantic. At length, however, publishers began to be shy of such 'manuscripts,' and the nuisance was in a good degree abated. But, as we have said, the volume before us is of an entirely different stamp. It is pleasantly and vivaciously written, even where it describes — which, by the way, it does not often do — scenes and places with the main features of which preceding writers have made us familiar: but it is a perfect daguerotype when it reflects new scenes, and records personal occurrences or experiences. We propose a few extracts. Our author, it will be premised, is an invalid, in search of health at the world-known water-cure Mecca of PRIESSNITZ, at Graefenberg. Here is a ridiculous picture of the fearful surveillance of the Austrian police:

'STORIES innumerable might be collected of ludicrous encounters between travellers and the Continental police, especially that of Austria. The broad brims of wide-awakes have repeatedly afforded a spacious battle-field for these two antagonistic classes of society. A friend of mine journeyed in one of those revolutionary head-dresses from Florence to Vienna without molestation; but it was not permitted that he should brave the Austrian eagle in its nest with impunity, and that watchful fowl made a triumphant peck at him when he least expected it. Taken into custody in the street by a spy in citizen costume, aided by a couple of soldiers, he was marched to a police-office, with the proof of his political turpitude on his devoted head. The chief of the office got into a fearful rage at sight of him — not so much because of the hat, as because it was late, and dinner was waiting. They were about to secure the government for one night against the seditious broad-brim by locking it up, and locking its owner up with it, when a friend, who had witnessed the capture, arrived with a *valet de place* from the hotel just in time to make explanations, and save our countryman from repenting of wide-awakes in the night-watches of an Austrian prison.

‘It was all a mistake, then?’ asked the officer.

‘Oh! quite a mistake.’

‘You had no evil intentions in wearing a broad-brimmed hat?’

‘None at all; not an intention in the world.’

‘Well, go then. But buy another hat. Do not be seen again in the streets with such a hat as this, or the consequences may be very serious.’

‘My friend bought a steeple-crown before breakfast the next morning, and thus, for a second time, was the Austrian empire saved from destruction.’

‘A farce on the same subject as the above was played at Milan, partly in my own presence. Presenting my passport at the police-office of that city, I met an English acquaintance, a capital fellow, named Bupp, who, with a look of brazen impudence, was receiving an admonition concerning the radical character of his hat.

‘Good-morning, Signor Bupp,’ said the officer from behind his desk, leaning forward, and looking searchingly, though civilly, into the broad, handsome, good-humored, but determined face which confronted him. ‘We sent for you, Signor, to speak to you about your hat—the one you have in your hand at this moment.’

‘It is worthy of the honor,’ said Bupp; ‘it is a good hat.’ And he held up the battered, dusky-white broad-brim with an air of affectionate admiration.

‘Precisely, Signor; very useful, I have no doubt. But it may bring you into trouble. You are aware, doubtless, that its form and color are both unusual; you are aware that hats of that species have been the badge of a certain disorderly and treasonable party. You have also a full, long beard, which is equally a badge of the said party. The whole marks you as singular, and attracts an unpleasant degree of popular notice.’

‘But,’ responded Bupp, ‘I am not an Italian. I have nothing to do with Italian politics. I wear such a hat and beard as suit my style of beauty and my notions of convenience.’

‘Exactly, Signor. You have nothing to do with politics; we know it well. We know all your tastes and all your haunts. You went into the country yesterday. You were at the *Café delle Colonne* the evening before. You were at the house of Signora BELLINA the evening before that. You have been watched ever since you reached Milan, and we could tell you where you have been, and what you have done on every single day. We now know that you are not a dangerous individual, and we wish to persuade you to avoid the appearance of being such. We have no intentions against your beard, Signor; you are welcome to keep it. But we would counsel you to discontinue wearing that hat; it would be so easy to lay it aside, and might save you so much trouble.’

‘Very well,’ said Bupp; ‘but, if I am to change my dress at the suggestion of the government, I want some particular directions as to the new style which I am to adopt. Just give me a written order specifying the kind of hat which I am to wear, and I am ready to obey it. But I must have the order. I want to send it to England; it shall be published in *Punch* or the *Times*. I could get five pounds for such a paper in England.’

‘The officer was nettled, and looked angrily at the row of white teeth which glittered maliciously through Bupp’s black mustaches. Controlling his temper, however, he went on with his admonition, although not in quite so composedly gracious a tone as before. ‘Signor, we cannot give you such an order; it would be absurd. We leave the matter to your own sense of propriety and your prudence. But what we specially complain of is not so much the hat itself, as your manner of wearing it. You wear it turned up, and turned down, and twisted, and cocked, in a style which attracts a great deal of attention, and is particularly obnoxious.’

‘Oh! I wear it according to circumstances,’ said Bupp. ‘I will explain all that to you, (sticking it on his head.) Now, when the sun is on my right, I turn it down so, (hauling the right brim down;) and when the sun is on my left, I turn it down so, (a haul at the left brim;) and when I want to take a general view of the country, I turn it up all around, (brim cocked up throughout its entire circumference;) and when the wind blows, I slap it down on the top for safety, (a smart pat on the yielding crown.)

‘But just give me an order *how* I shall wear my hat. It would be better than the other. The *Times* would give me twenty pounds for such a document as that.’

‘Signor,’ said the officer, losing all patience, and beginning to stammer, ‘you will find, perhaps, that this is no jesting matter. You had better consider it seriously, and answer us seriously. We are advising you what is for your own good, and what may save you a great deal of annoyance. Think of it again, and see if you do not come to our opinion.’

‘In short, they had a long, and, in part, a rather stormy discussion, some of which I heard, while the rest Bupp related to me afterward. In the end, he had the moderation to take the officer’s advice, and lay aside his wide-awake while he remained on Austrian territory.’

But our invalid is now at the great 'WATER-CURE,' the father, we believe, of all similar establishments, both in Europe and in this country. A portion of the account of his 'First Dips in Graefenberg' will be found amusing:

'EARLY in the morning PRIESSNITZ came into our room, followed by FRANZ, the bathman, and by IRWINE, who lent himself as interpreter. I saw before me a medium-sized person, with weather-beaten features; a complexion which would have been fair but for deep sun-burn; eyes of blue, inclining to gray; thin, light-brown hair, touched in with silver, and an expression reserved, composed, grave and earnest. He sometimes smiled very pleasantly, but he spoke little, and wore, in general, an air of quiet, simple dignity. Altogether, I felt as if I were in the presence of a kindly-tempered man, of superior mind, accustomed to command, and habitually confident in his own powers. I afterward observed that he kept the same impassive self-possession in the presence of every one, were it even the highest noble of the Austrian empire.

'He listened to a brief history of my malady, seeming very indifferent to its past symptoms, but examining attentively the color of my skin and the development of my muscles. He then ordered the wet sheet to be spread, and signed me to stretch myself in it. As soon as I had measured my length on the dripping linen, FRANZ folded me up rapidly, and then packed me thickly in blankets and coverlets, as if I were a batch of dough set away to rise. NEUVILLE followed my damp example, and our teeth were soon chattering in chilly sympathy. Having noted the intensity of our ague, as if it were a means of judging what degree of vigor in the treatment we could bear, PRIESSNITZ marched off to survey the agonies of IRWINE and BURROUGHS. NEUVILLE and I remained as fixed, and nearly as moist, as King Log in the pond, but in a state of anguish far beyond the capacities of that solid potentate. We were so cold that we could not speak plainly, and shivered until our bedsteads caught the infection. Then a change came—a graduated, almost unconscious change to warmth; and, at the end of ten minutes, it was hard to say whether we were uncomfortable or not. A few minutes more brought a sensation of absolute physical pleasure, and I began to think that, after all, water was my element, and that it was quite a mistake that I was not furnished with tasty red fins like a perch, or a convenient long tail, for sculling, like a polliwog.

'Just at this pleasant stage of the experiment, when I would have been glad to continue it longer, PRIESSNITZ came back, and declared us ready for the plunge-bath. FRANZ turned up the blanket so as to leave my feet and ankles free, shod me with a pair of straw slippers, set me unsteadily upright, like a staggering nine-pin, took firm hold of my envelopments behind, and started me on my pilgrimage. I set off at the rate of a furlong an hour, which was the top of my possible speed under the circumstances. Forming a little procession, with PRIESSNITZ ahead as the officiating priest, then myself as the walking corpse, and then FRANZ as sexton, we moved solemnly on until we reached a stairway leading into a most gloomy and low-spirited cellar. Dank, rude, dirty flag-stones were visible at the bottom, while from an unseen corner bubbled the threatening voice of a runlet of water. The stair was so steep and the steps so narrow, that it seemed impossible to descend without pitching forward; but, confiding myself desperately to the attraction of gravitation, I cautiously raised my left foot, made a pivot of the right one, wheeled half a diameter, settled carefully down six inches, wheeled back again to a front face, brought my dextral foot down, and found myself on the first step. Ten repetitions of this delicate and complicated manœuvre carried me to the flooring of the cellar.

'FRANZ now engineered me into a side-room, and halted me alongside of an oblong cistern, brimming with black water, supplied by a brooklet, which fell into it with a perpetual chilly gurgle. In a moment his practised fingers had peeled me like an orange, only far quicker than any orange was ever yet stripped of its envelope. As I shuffled off the last tag of that humid coil, the steam curled up from my body as from an acceptable sacrifice, or an ear of hot-boiled corn. PRIESSNITZ pointed to the cistern, like an angel of destiny signing to my tomb, and I bolted into it in a hurry, as wise people always bolt out of the frying-pan into the fire, when there is no help for it. In a minute my whole surface was so perfectly iced that it felt hard, smooth, and glossy, like a skin of marble. I got out on the first symptom of permission, when FRANZ set about rubbing me down with a new linen sheet, still possessed of all its native asperity. If I had been a mammoth, or an ichthyosaurus, with a cuticle a foot thick, he could not have put more emphasis into his efforts to bring my blood back to a vigorous circulation. PRIESSNITZ joined in as if he enjoyed the exercise, and honored me with a searching attrition from his knowing fingers. Then, after examining me, to see if I grew healthfully rosy under the excitement, he signed me to throw a dry sheet over my shoulders, and give myself an air-bath before a window into which a fresh morning breeze was pouring. Holding tight with both hands to

the corners of the sheet, I flapped my linen wings as if I were some gigantic bat or butterfly about to take flight through the orifice, and soar away over the meadows. 'Goot!' said PRIESSNITZ, nodding his solemn head in token of ample satisfaction; and, folding my drapery around me, I marched up stairs, like a statue looking for a pedestal, or a belated ghost returning to its church-yard.'

A friend of ours, who once made a two-days' trial of the water-cure, says, that when he first came down in the morning, and saw the chattering, sheeted spectres wandering crazily about, he thought he was in a lunatic asylum; but when he beheld the meagre breakfast-table, he could n't avoid the conclusion that he was in the penitentiary. Our author's description of his invalid companions, of both sexes, are scarcely less ludicrous and forcible: but we pass them, *en masse*, to present two or three 'specimens:'

'NEUVILLE and I had a pearl of a bath-man. He was a strong, slow, blue-eyed, light-colored Silesian peasant, who had once possessed a scalp full of sandy hair, but had lost at least half of it in his journey to middle life. His whole appearance, and especially his smooth, shining pate, reeked with an indescribably cool, dewy expression, which made one think of cucumbers, wet pebbles, drenched roses, or heads of lettuce after a shower. NEUVILLE insisted that he gained this fresh appearance by living on such things as celery and water-cresses, and by sleeping in one of the cisterns, or perhaps down a well, like a bull-frog. It may be, indeed, that the instinct of association deceived us, and that we imputed this aqueous nature to the man solely because he had so much to do with our baths; but, however that was, we certainly never looked at him without being impressed with the idea that he would slice up cold and juicy, like a melon or a tomato.

'Among so many homely people as we had about us, there were necessarily some whose ugliness ran into eccentricity, if not absurdity. NEUVILLE, who had an extraordinary faculty at discovering resemblances between men and beasts, or birds, soon fixed on one old gentleman as the Owl; and I was obliged to confess that, bating the claws, the said human certainly did bear a striking likeness to the solemn anchorite of ornithology. He was a man of about sixty, with light-gray hair, light-gray beard, and a light-gray suit of clothes, so that, from a distance, you might suppose him to be dressed in light-gray feathers. He was tolerably bare of chin, and his mouth had retired under a bower of light-gray mustaches. His long, curved nose looked wonderfully like a beak, and his eyes were always wide open with an expression of unqualified astonishment. However early we rose, however fast and far we went, we invariably met him already returning, as if he had started out for his morning walk some time the day previous. NEUVILLE affirmed that he staid in the woods all night, and amused himself with hooting and chasing field-mice until day-break, when he would leave off at the approach of the earliest patients, and hurry down to the Establishment to take a bath.

'Another interesting personage was a middle-aged, muscular Hungarian, with startling black eyes and wavy black beard, who had the fame of being crazy, or at least unreasonably original. He carried an enormous yellow cane, one end of which was fashioned into a passable flute. He always walked alone, like a man who had dealings with fairies and wood-nymphs; and, when he thought no human being was within hearing, he would put his cane to his lips, and treat his elfin friends to a melody. If a wandering fellow-patient came upon him in one of these dulcet moments, he dropped the end of his cane, whisked it about unconcernedly, and looked all around, or up into the clouds, as if he wondered who the deuce made those noises. I suspected him of being ORPHEUS, who, it will be remembered, was in the cold-water line, and had a fancy for playing airs to rocks, fishes, and other dumb creatures.

'They told us at Graefenberg of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. PRIESSNITZ pointed to the cistern and bade him get into it. 'Never!' he thundered; and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before PRIESSNITZ, exclaiming: 'O Sir! remember that I have a wife and children!'

The effect of the water-cure upon our patient at Graefenberg was not such, in manner, as he had anticipated; but it was nevertheless more than he had presumed to hope. He says:

'THERE WAS a fascination in the labors of hydropathy, an epidemic in the immense



faith of every one around me, which made me look forward with vague expectation to quick and satisfactory results. I waited for a crisis of some strange sort — a fever, an eruption, or as many boils as Job, and then a sudden falling of the burden from my weary shoulders. What I found was a gradual increase of strength, a hitherto unknown power of enduring fatigue, a new buoyancy of hope and cheerfulness. Day by day the spirit of my dream changed from sickness to health, until I discovered, to my surprise, that I was recovering without a miracle. I learned to walk ten miles over the hills in the early morning without other stomachic support than water, and felt after it, when I sat down to breakfast, as if I could eat not only the sour milk before me, but the cow that gave it. There was no fatigue from which a bath would not raise me, and send me out again to track the mountain paths until my long-tasked muscles demanded another invigoration from the benevolent water-naiad. To the habitual invalid, to him who feels it for the first time in years, or perhaps in life, there is no sensation more glorious, more superhuman, than the consciousness of abounding and sufficient strength. All labors seem so easy, all trials so insignificant, all nature so friendly and sympathizing.'

Not relishing the climate of Graefenberg, which he describes as generally pluvius and detestable, our author betakes himself to another now-celebrated water-cure establishment, fifteen minutes' walk from the Swiss frontier, and one hour's walk from Lake Leman: and here we must counsel our readers to join him, in his volume: listening to his account of the pastimes, persons, politics, the seasons, story-telling, and the like, in that romantic place; with many more interesting things beside, which we have neither leisure nor space at present more particularly to specify. Excellently well printed.

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NEW-YORK DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY: a Discourse delivered before the Historical Society on their Fifty-third Anniversary, November 17, 1857. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D., pp. 232.

THE New-York public has heard of this address; a few of them were fortunate enough to hear portions of it delivered on occasion of the Anniversary of the Society; all, including many beyond the city limits, may be glad of the opportunity to possess the whole in print. A limited number have been issued by the Society, and may be purchased by order or application.

Dr. FRANCIS is no ordinary antiquarian. Fond of the past, and especially of all connected with the memorable rise and progress of New-York, he unites to such reminiscences and details the spirit of youth and life. Endowed with a hearty animality, the currents of three-score and upward never stagnate in his veins. His heart, with that of WORDSWORTH's boy, leapt up when he first beheld 'a rainbow in the sky,' and it leaps still at this and minor phenomena. He sees old things as he saw them sixty years since, and traces for us a picture with local hues of sky, and buildings, and the men and women 'in their habits as they lived.' His discourse is consequently a graphic reproduction of the past, such as few men could have given at all, and but one whom we can call to mind just now — we allude to the pleasant and learned GULIAN C. VERPLANCK — as well.

Dr. FRANCIS' discourse is a half-a-dozen orations rolled into one. He might have called it a Panoramic View of New-York, its houses of note and places of amusement, or the Old Divinity; the Historical Society Worthies; the Edu-

cational and Charitable Institutions; or Literature and the Press; the Drama, or the Opera: any of which, with slight additional trimmings, or none at all, would fill the limits of an ordinary lecture. Two evenings were, in fact, spent in merely slicing into this huge historical pie. It is cut and come again, and if you cut you will be sure to come again; and with this informal grace we shall plunge in our editorial knife and fork without ceremony. We help you, gentle reader, to a rich, streaky piece of well-fatted beef, for here is a man with blood and substance, albeit of some eccentricity—it is but a paragraph which comes after a graver induction of his learned labors—in

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

'THERE was a rare union in Dr. MITCHILL of a mind of vast and multifarious knowledge and of poetic imagery. Even in his 'Epistles to his Lady Love,' the excellent lady who became his endeared wife, he gave utterance of his emotions in tuneful numbers, and likened his condition unto that of the dove, with trepidation seeking safety in the ark. Ancient and modern languages were unlocked to him, and a wide range in physical science, the pabulum of his intellectual repast. An essay on composites, a tractate on the deaf and dumb, verses to SEPTON, or to the Indian tribes, might be eliminated from his mental alembic within the compass of a few hours. He was now engaged with the anatomy of the egg, and now deciphering a Babylonian brick; now involved in the nature of meteoric stones, now on the different species of brassica; now on the evaporation of fresh water, now on that of salt; now offering suggestions to GARNET, of New-Jersey, the correspondent of MARK AKENSIDE, on the angle of the wind-mill, and now concurring with MICHEAUX on the beauty of the black walnut as ornamental for parlor furniture. In the morning he might be found composing songs for the nursery, at noon dietetically experimenting and writing on fishes, or unfolding a new theory on terrene formations, and at evening addressing his fair readers on the healthy influences of the alkalis, and the depurative virtues of white-washing. At his country retreat at Plandome he might find full employment in translating, for his mental diversion, LANCISI on the fens and marshes of Rome, or in rendering into English poetry the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS. Yesterday, in workman-like dress, he might have been engaged, with his friend ELIHU H. SMITH, on the natural history of the American elk, or perplexed as to the alimentary nature of tadpoles, on which, according to NOAH WEBSTER, the people of Vermont almost fattened during a season of scarcity; to-day, attired in the costume of a native of the Feejee Islands, (for presents were sent him from all quarters of the globe,) he was better accounted for illustration, and for the reception, at his house, of a meeting of his philosophical acquaintance; while to-morrow, in the scholastic robes of an LL.D., he would grace the exercises of a college commencement.'

There was another less important, but still imposing notable in New-York in those days, in the historian of North-Carolina, quaintly hit off in these few sentences:

HUGH WILLIAMSON.

'SOME of my most gratifying hours in early life were passed with this venerable man: it was instructive to enjoy the conversation of one who had enriched the pages of the Royal Society; who had experimented with JOHN HUNTER, and FRANKLIN, and INGENHOUSZ in London, and had enjoyed the *soirées* of Sir JOHN PRINGLE; who narrated occurrences in which he bore a part when FRANKLIN was Post-master, and in those of subsequent critical times; one, who, if you asked him the size of the button on WASHINGTON's coat, might tell you who had been his tailor. A more strictly correct man, in all fiscal matters, could not be pointed out, whether in bonds and mortgages, or in the payment of the postage of a letter. I will give an illustration. He had been appointed in Colonial times to obtain funds for the Seminary at Baskenridge, N. J.: he set out on his eastern tour, provided with an extra pair of gloves, for which he paid seven shillings and six-pence: on his return he revisited the store in Newark, where he had made the purchase, had the soiled gloves vamped anew, and parted with them for six shillings. In his items of expenditure, he reports one shilling and six-pence for the use of gloves, investing the six shillings with the collection fund. Such was HUGH WILLIAMSON, whose breast-plate was honesty, the brightest in the Christian armory. If I mistake not, I think I once saw him smile at the trick of

a jockey. Dr. THACHER, the author of the *Military Journal*, told me he had listened to him when he was in the ministry, in a sermon preached at Plymouth; but his oratory was grotesque, and RUFUS KING, the Senator, who noticed him in our first Congress, said his elocution provoked laughter.

An anecdote or two of the famous itinerant, 'a coarse edition on brown paper, with battered type, of Rowland Hill,' the once famous, not yet forgotten

LORENZO DOW.

'I HAVE implied that he was always ready at a rejoinder; an instance or two may be given: A dissenter from Dow's Arminian doctrines, after listening to his harangue, asked him if he knew what Calvinism was? 'Yes,' he promptly replied:

"You can and you can't,  
You will and you won't;  
You'll be damned if you do,  
And you'll be damned if you don't."

That, Sir, is Calvinism, something more than rhyme.' I, who have rarely left New-York for a day during the past fifty years, was in the summer of 1824 at Utica, with an invalid patient. It so happened that Dow, at that very time, held forth in an adjacent wood, having for his audience some of the Oneida and Reservation Indians, together with a vast assemblage of the people of Utica and the neighboring villages. Mounted on an advantageous scaffolding, he discoursed on the rewards of a good life and pictured the blessings of heaven. Upon his return to the hotel there was found among the occupants a Mr. BRANCH and old General Roor, so familiarly known for the opprobrious name of 'the Big Ditch,' which he gave to Clinton's Canal. These two gentlemen addressed Dow, told him they had heard him say much of heaven, and now begged to ask him if he would describe the place. 'Yes,' says Dow, with entire ease. 'Heaven is a wide and expansive region, a beautiful plain, something like our prairie country—without any thing to obstruct the vision—there is neither Roor nor BRANCH there.'

Of the more ancient matter derived from tradition, there is capital pleasantry in these curious traits of the early personal feeling with which the Drama was received in New-York in the Revolutionary era.

#### ODDS AND ENDS OF CHARACTER.

'THE chronicler who would be faithful to the history of the stage in New-York would be compelled to say something concerning that period which elapsed between the commencement of the great American war of 1776 and its end in 1783. During that interval the English plays of GARRICK, FOOTE, CUMBERLAND, COLMAN, O'KEEFE, SHERIDAN, and others, reached from time to time this country, and were enacted by the officers of the army and navy, and by select aids in private or social circles; and a remarkable peculiarity of the times seems to have been, that it was quite a common circumstance to appropriate or designate some leading or prominent individual among the inhabitants of the city as the character drawn by the dramatist abroad. *Qui capit, ille facit*. Thus, when the 'Busy Body' appeared, it was thought that Dr. ARWOOD would be the best exemplar of it. ARWOOD, as all who hear me probably know, was the first practitioner of medicine in this city who regularly assumed, by advertisement, the functions of a male accoucheur. He obtained confidence, notwithstanding the novelty of the attempt. ARWOOD knew every thing of every family; he abounded in anecdote, but his company was more courted than admired. He at one time possessed, by inheritance, great wealth, but died poor, through the conduct of his son CHARLES.

'When 'Laugh and Grow Fat' appeared, the public said it well fitted the case of MORTIER. He was a cheerful old gentleman, and pay-master to the British army; but the leanest of all human beings, according to the MS. I lately inspected of Mr. JOHN MOORE. He was almost diaphanous. MORTIER built the great mansion on the Trinity Church grounds, to which I have already alluded in my account of Colonel BURR's residence.

'It would seem that during these times, an 'Ode to Love' was recited; the sympathetic public ascribed it to old Judge HOESMANDEN, so famous in the Negro Plot, who

had married at seventy years of age. The 'Wheel of Fortune' was made applicable to Governor GAGE, who had arrived in this country as a captain in 1756, in the old French war, and in 1775 was commander-in-chief of the British army. The 'Male Coquette' was by a sort of unanimous concurrence applied to JAMES SMITH, the brother of the historian of New-York, the man whom I described in my sketch of CHRISTOPHER COLLES as writing madrigals for the young ladies. He must have pursued the game nearly half a century. When ANACREON MOORE visited this city in 1802-3, SMITH had the temerity to offer with renewed vigor his oblations on the altar of love. I knew him well. He was an M.D. of Leyden. When professor of chemistry in Columbia College, then called King's, his flowery diction with the students greatly disturbed both analysis and synthesis. Hempstead Plains was brought forward in those times, most probably an indigenous work. It is affirmed that it alluded to one of the prominent members of the BEEKMAN family, GERARDUS, a great sportsman, who secured the reputation of having killed more birds than any other man that ever lived. He shot deer in the city Common, (now Park,) and antlers, the trophies of his skill, are yet preserved among his descendants as curiosities to mark the city's progress. He kept a diary of his gunnery.'

We could draw largely on the highly interesting operatic and theatrical matter, but must be contented with a few paragraphs on

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

'COOKE justly demands a greater space than this occasion warrants; but the able critical pens of the time have commemorated his achievements, and the veteran WOOD, in his personal reminiscences of the stage, has dealt with him impartially and delineated his character with great fidelity. He was of a kindly disposition, of great benevolence, and filled with charitable impulses. His strong mental powers were improved by reading, yet more by observation and a study of mankind. Self-reliance was his distinguishing quality; few ever were at any time able to overcome his determination. His resolves scarcely ever yielded. When not influenced by the goblet, his conversation was instructive, and his manners urbane; he had a tear for distress, and a hand of liberality for want. He was a great original, and had the logic within himself to justify innovation. His master was nature, and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric. He thought much of KEMBLE, and every thing of GARRICK, both of whom he had seen perform. He cherished an exalted idea of his art, and demanded deference from the menial and the noble. He was thoroughly imbued with the value of FRANKLIN's aphorism: 'If you make a sheep of yourself, the wolves will devour you.' He tolerated no invasion of his rights. And yet that one stain on his character, his mania for drink, (a periodical disease, often of some duration,) dethroned his high purpose, and at times degraded him below the dignity of man. In that condition no violence was like his; abuse of kindest friends, extravagance beyond limits, obstinacy invincible. On the return of right reason, he would cast a withering glance at those around him, and ask: 'What part is GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE placarded for to-night?'

'After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candlesticks, the lights in full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by PRICE, the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage waiting at the door to take him to the play-house. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green-room, and was soon ready. PRICE saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. 'Let him,' says the manager, 'only get before the lights and the receipts are secure.' Within the wonted time COOKE entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision, that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house, he whispered: 'Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles?' Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered some four hundred dollars among the needy and the solicitous, and took refreshment in a sound sleep.'

There is abundance of other matter in this discourse, grave, weighty, elaborate in statement on serious topics, but it may be better read in connection with the context, where the reader, curious in American history, will be sure to find it.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING: OR JERUSALEM, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS, AND IS TO BE.  
By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D., Missionary to Jerusalem. In one Volume: pp. 627.  
Philadelphia: JAMES CHALLEN AND SONS, 'Bulletin Buildings.' New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER, Number 637 Broadway.

'O JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! — thou that killest the PROPHETS, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' Jerusalem! 'name ever dear!' what hallowed memories and entrancing recollections spring at the mere mention of that name! There is music and magic in the very thought! Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth! The city of the GREAT KING! Zion, the city of solemnities — an eternal excellency! 'The hill which God desireth to dwell in: yea, will dwell in it forever!' The theatre of the most memorable and stupendous events that have ever occurred in the annals of the world. Jerusalem, the world-attracting magnet of the devout pilgrim of every age, and the stern warrior of every clime, not the least of whom were the chivalrous Crusaders of our noble ancestry! A spot at once the focus and the radiating point of the strongest emotions of three powerful religions! The land of hallowed associations, endearing reminiscences, and glorious anticipations! The renowned metropolis of the children of miracle, of promise, and of Providence: a people near and dear unto the LORD, and still beloved for their FATHER's sake. The city where the 'KING of Peace and Righteousness' communed with the 'Friend of God;' where the son of JESSE tuned his soul-stirring harp, and penned his Psalms for the saints of all ages; where SOLOMON reared a house for the LORD of Hosts to dwell between the Cherubim; where the SON of GOD suffered and died, and rose again; whence HE ascended on high, and whither HE will come again on the clouds of heaven in like manner as HE went up; 'and His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives,' and 'JEHOVAH of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously,' sitting upon His throne in the sublime metropolis, (then brought near,) the new Jerusalem above: then shall the Holy City truly become 'the joy of the whole earth:'

'GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God.'

We might vary, but we could not amend these beautiful passages from the 'Introduction' to the beautiful volume before us. The publishers say modestly, in their announcement: 'This work is presented to the public, believing that much will be found in it of great interest and value to all classes of the religious world, and to those who would see the hand of PROVIDENCE in the history and fortunes of ISRAEL, and the nations with whom they have been associated, for more than three thousand years. The name of Dr. BARCLAY — a resident missionary in Jerusalem for three years and a half — is now favorably known, both in Europe and in this country, for the valuable discoveries he has made in the Temple Inclosure and other sacred localities, to which he was admitted by special firman, and for the aids he has furnished to many distinguished tourists, in the Holy Land, which have been in all their recent works repeatedly

acknowledged. 'The City of the GREAT KING,' on every page of it, shows the extent and accuracy of his labors; and his Map of Jerusalem, now before the public, is justly esteemed the only reliable one known. His close observation of facts and conscientious adherence to truth, together with his long and patient labors in the prosecution of his task, cannot fail to commend this book to the confidence of the public.' A fine portrait of the author, several large steel engravings, chromographs, lithographs, wood-engravings, and excellent paper and printing, add greatly to the attractiveness of the work.

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AMERICAN ELOQUENCE: A COLLECTION OF SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES, by the most Eminent Authors of America. With Biographical Sketches, and Illustrative Notes. By FRANK MOORE. In two Volumes: pp. 486. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

Now *this* is one of those works embraced in the class to which we have heretofore referred; a work which demanded earlier notice at our hands: but the delay has been unpreventable, and therefore we say not one apologetic word concerning our delinquency. The volume is from the pen of an amateur of American history; and he has here made excellent use of his researches, especially among the documents pertaining to the period of the Revolution. His collection of speeches by the patriots and orators of that eventful period is rich in important and curious memorials of the celebrated worthies, who have left a brilliant traditional reputation for rare gifts of eloquence and argument, but whose performances for the most part are absolutely unknown to the great majority of modern readers. Thus we have Chief-Justice DRAYTON's Charge to the Grand Jury, April 23, 1776, in which he anticipates the principles and almost the expressions of the Declaration of Independence; General WARREN's famous oration on the Boston Massacre, delivered three months before his death on Bunker's Hill; JOHN ADAMS's speech in defence of the British soldiers indicted for their share in the Massacre of March the fifth; several selections from WITHERSPOON's speeches in the Continental Congress; and of by no means the least interest, extracts from the speeches of SAMUEL ADAMS, who, perhaps, more than any one man contributed to inflame the spirit of liberty in Massachusetts. In one of his speeches given by Mr. MOORE, occurs the celebrated expression of 'a nation of shopkeepers,' as applied to Great Britain, which might have suggested the phrase to NAPOLEON, as a favorite designation of his most formidable foe. The speech was delivered at a popular meeting in Philadelphia in August, 1775, and was afterward translated into French and published in Paris, and in all probability fell under the eye of NAPOLEON in the course of his desultory historical reading. Among the productions of a more recent period which Mr. MOORE has included in his selections are speeches by JOHN RANDOLPH, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM GASTON, and HENRY CLAY, embracing Mr. CLAY's speech on Internal Improvement in 1824, which, if we recollect right, is not given in Dr. COLTON's collection. The value of this work is to be found in its illustrations of the development of American statesmanship and politics, and the comparative view which it incidentally



presents of the labors of patriotism and genius in singularly various forms of manifestation.' Well-executed portraits of the most distinguished, and discriminating biographical sketches of all, are interspersed with selections from their works. An excellent analytical index, attached to the second volume, greatly enhances the value of the work. Good printing: ditto paper.

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THE TWIN-ROSES: A NARRATIVE. By ANNA CORA RITCHIE: Author of 'An Autobiography of an Actress,' etc. In one volume: pp. 273. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE has had a benignant and happy fortune, whatever may be said of the 'surprises' which she may have experienced, from the time when, the daughter of a rich and honored merchant; the elegant, refined, and graceful wife of a devoted husband, whose liberal hospitality was only equalled by his means to gratify it; a widow upon a stage which her dramatic personations adorned, and to which her pen has imparted dignity, and for the THEATRE, properly conducted, compelled respect; a most successful authoress; and now the wife of a scion of a 'house,' than which none in the 'Old Dominion,' since the days of WASHINGTON, has had a wider influence — surely we may say, that Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE's *has* been a most benignant and happy fortune. 'At the same time, nevertheless, and also notwithstanding,' it is not our intention to permit this happifying circumstance to prevent our saying a few words, as touching the volume whose title-page heads this notice, late though they be. 'The Twin-Roses,' then, is a story of domestic life, very pleasantly told. The hero, HERMA LANDER, we judge to have been one of that class of actors which we at the same time detest and praise. The roses are twin-daughters of an English actress. 'There are love, marriage, sea-voyage, and ship-wreck in the story, together with a visit to Virginia and to WASHINGTON. 'Twin-Roses' is neither a novel nor a romance — a play, a poem, or a history. There is enough of reality apparent, to take it off the fairy ground of fiction, enough of dream-life to bring it forth from the hard dry realm of history. It is a narrative: a narrative which leads us through scenes and circumstances, new probably to most of us, but which yet bear about them the garmenture of truth; a narrative dramatically and poetically told, which carries along with it the heart of the reader as well as the mind, and from the perusal of which, both come refreshed and purified: a narrative, in short, with a moral.' Thus speaks, and with discriminative justice, a reviewer in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine: and he farther adds: 'The work undoubtedly has its defects: but nobody can call it dull. A light, dancing, brilliant style, poetical allusions playing through the pages, like little rippling waves in the sun-shine, with, every now and then, a keen and witty, but good-humored stroke at some passing folly; and some beautiful paintings of scenery, amuse and interest us as we go on, without withdrawing the mind from the tale or the characters.' To which we only add: excellently printed upon good paper. But that 'of course.' In this regard, the publications of no house in the United States exceed those of MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT. Edited by S. ADAMS LEE. In two Volumes. pp. 498. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

WE could find it in our heart sincerely to desire, that Mr. S. ADAMS LEE had pretermitted the 'Introduction' to these pretty and (let us add) well-known productions of LEIGH HUNT. The special truth is, that it was not wanted: another truth is, that it is of 'Bosh,' boshy. Take the following: 'Criticism mistakes its vocation, when it attempts to dictate a formula by which works of art shall be manufactured. It is destructive, not constructive; analytical, not synthetical. Invention belongs altogether to a higher order of intellect, and will not submit to be trammelled by rules invented by the lower. The critic who attempts to dictate laws to the poet is guilty of a gross anachronism. The poet antedates him. Poetry had a vigorous life long before criticism was born. Far back in the dawn of a remote civilization, the poet struck his lyre. HOMER and DANTE, without aid of criticism of any sort, produced their wonderful poems. Contemporaries admired these great works of art, and handed them to their children. So they have reached us, moving in the continuous pomp of one long ovation down the lines of the reverent generations.' Now why did LEIGH HUNT require an introduction, any more than any other poet, whose best things are of course known on both sides of the Atlantic? Do you find BRYANT, or HALLECK, or LONGFELLOW, or any of our best poets, writing prefaces? No: they do n't need it: they are 'en-denized in the national heart:' 'by their *works* we all know them;' and *not* by the 'highfaluting' 'critical' comments, by which an ambitious aspirant for literary acumen, may contrive to associate his unknown name with those names of mark, which were not born to die. In this instance, 'SAL' is signed at the end. If it is a woman, we 'retract and apologize.' There has been too much of this foolery: and for one, we should like to see it 'die out.' We do n't, of course, pretend to compare LEIGH HUNT with either of our own great poets whom we have named: but he *has* his merits, and ought not to be compromised by a misjudging, although evidently a kindly-disposed friend. HUNT can 'stand alone, and walk alone.' An American reader will be disposed to think so, at least, after reading his elaborate introductory letter, announcing the fact that he is the son of American parents, although 'England is his home,' after all; always has been, and always must be. But hear HUNT in one most exquisitely tender and deeply-touching extract from a blank-verse poem, entitled '*Reflections of a Dead Body*:'

'SCENE.—A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquizes.

'WHAT change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!  
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain  
Into all bliss? into a balm so perfect  
I do not even smile! I tried but now,  
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face  
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,  
Instead of toil, and a weak, weltering tear,  
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,  
Laid on some throne in space. Great God! I am dead.  
'(A pause.) Dear God! Thy love is perfect; Thy truth known.

'(Another.) And He—and they!—How simple and strange! How beautiful  
But I may whisper it not—even to thought;  
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,  
Speak, and the world be shattered.

'(Soul again pauses.) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile  
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty  
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,  
Encouraged to be wilful—to delay  
Even its wings for heaven; and thus to rest  
Here, here, even here—'twixt heaven and earth awhile,  
A bed in the morn of endless happiness.

'I feel warm drops falling upon my face:  
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.  
— My wife! my love! — 'tis for the best thou canst not  
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond  
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.  
Ah! truly was my love what thou didst hope it,  
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—  
And our small feuds were but impatiences  
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.  
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest  
Memory on memory of imagined wrong,  
As I should have done too—as all who love;  
And yet I cannot pity thee: so well  
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

'She speaks my name at last, as though she feared  
The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks  
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,  
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—  
Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!

'How wrong I was to quarrel with poor JAMES!  
And how dear FRANCIS mistook *me*! That pride,  
How without ground it was! Those arguments,  
Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish!  
Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,  
Even of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,  
When they lie thus.

'Colder I grow, and happier.  
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,  
Ere they depart; myself quitting myself.  
The soul gathers its wings upon the edge  
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!  
Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed,  
Yet passive, quite; and feeling opposites mingle  
In exquisitest peace!—Those fleshy clothes,  
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more  
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,  
Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove.

'So lay my mother: so my father; so  
My children; yet I pitied them. I wept,  
And fancied them in graves, and called them 'poor!'

'O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,  
And fear, and hope! what petty terms of earth  
Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth,  
The planet's household words; and how postpone,  
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable  
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!  
Ah! not excluding these, nor aught that's past,  
Nor aught that's present, nor that's yet to come,  
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger  
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;  
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;  
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

'That was my eldest boy's — that kiss. And that  
The baby with its little unweening mouth;  
And those — and those — Dear hearts! they have all come,  
And think me dead — me, who so know I'm living,  
The vilest creature in this fleshy room.  
I part; and with my spirit's eyes full opened,  
Will look upon them.

*[Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.]*

'Patient be those tears,  
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds  
Of souls made of myself — made of us both  
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but  
To meet again, and will revisit soon  
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.'

If any one can read that for the first time without tears, they have few feelings in common with us. These volumes (they are from the Boston house of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, be it remembered) are of course beautifully printed. A well-engraved portrait of the author fronts the title-page of the first volume. He 'is n't any great things to look at: 'pears as if he was 'spooney.'

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HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, as Traced in the Writings of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, and of his Contemporaries. Volume the First: pp. 578. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is impossible not to honor the filial affection and reverence which unquestionably prompted this work. It is the result of the unwearied research, the earnest labor of a son, at a late period of our country's history, to render homage to one who did so much to promote its early honor and glory. And thus far, all would have been right: but we cannot avoid saying, after a more than usually careful perusal of the book, that it must be considered as claiming for a subordinate, in many instances, the honor due to his superior, in executive station, and in the administration of great public affairs. There is nothing in the work, be it understood, to imply that ALEXANDER HAMILTON ever claimed credit for any thing which he did not do. In the 'times that tried men's souls;' in a season of prostrate commerce and ruined credit, he was WASHINGTON's right bower, and so continued to the end of his suddenly-limited and brilliant career. But HAMILTON, in writing many, nay, most of the papers of General WASHINGTON, must not be held, nor 'held up' to be, by express statement, or adroit implication, as the *author* of those papers. When the PATRIA PATRIÆ's brow was throbbing with the cares of an infant empire; when here was sectional mutiny, there sore private want; here national disaffection, there scant supplies for the public service; and almost every where envious general officers, jealous of each other, while they were mutually watchful of WASHINGTON; under *these* circumstances it was, that WASHINGTON dictated his letters and dispatches. That the merit of rendering them, as no other man could render them, at that day, was due to that embodiment of pure intellect, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, there is probably not at this moment, a particle of doubt, in any intelligent mind. HAMILTON was a noble 'accessory after the fact:' often, perhaps, in the eye of the enemy, at least, an 'accom-

plice,' and a dangerous one too; and so, no doubt, he often was. We worked unitedly together in those days for the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' The 'greatest good' was our LIBERTY; yet our 'greatest number' was but small at that period. From an able and evidently candid review of the volume under notice, in the columns of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, we take the subjoined paragraphs:

'THE political distinctions which originated during WASHINGTON's administration, and which for years made our early statesmen the objects of partisan idolatry or aversion, have become confounded, and out of the confusion new ones are arising. For the first time, a degree of impartiality in looking upon the American Revolution and its heroes, and a fair distribution of the laurels, is beginning to be possible. The painful circumstances of HAMILTON's death have done much to win for him the considerate judgment of his contemporaries and posterity. The natural law which makes men tend to extremes of opinion, may have led the public to exaggerate his virtues in the same degree that it exaggerates the vices of BURR. Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON is preparing a History of the Republic of the United States, founded upon the writings of ALEXANDER HAMILTON and his contemporaries. The first volume of the five which are to compose it has recently been issued from the press. The author, a son of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, has adopted the opinion that WASHINGTON was not really the father of the American Republic, but that the glory of that name belongs to HAMILTON. In composing this work, he will make use not only of the abundant materials furnished by the works of HAMILTON already published, but of numerous autograph letters and other documents which have lately come into his possession. In the archives of the government, recently opened to him by authority of the Library Committee of Congress, was found much valuable matter hitherto unused. Beside a thousand letters written by HAMILTON in behalf of WASHINGTON when a member of his staff, many have been traced in private collections, all of which relate to the events of our Revolutionary period.

'When seventeen years old, and a student in Columbia College, HAMILTON's connection with public affairs began; it was on the occasion of the great meeting in the fields near New-York, held on the sixth of July, 1774. Induced to address the assembly by the urgent solicitations of friends who appreciated the justness of his views on the subject of British oppression, he acquitted himself in a manner to win its admiration and applause. HAMILTON was among the first to conceive the idea of American independence. In a letter written at the age of eighteen, two months before the battle of Lexington, his style warms with the contemplation of the destiny which independence would open to the colonies. Foreseeing the results to which events were tending, HAMILTON applied himself with assiduity to the science of war, and made so much proficiency in it, that in his twentieth year he was commissioned as captain of a provincial company of artillery. After the battles of Trenton and Princeton he received an appointment as aid to WASHINGTON, with the duties of private secretary attached. In this capacity he became acquainted with all the secrets of the Revolution, and performed a conspicuous part in its most important events. Most of WASHINGTON's letters during the period of HAMILTON's service are in the hand-writing of the latter. His responsibility for their contents, however, does not appear to have been greater than that of an ordinary private secretary. Therefore the prominence given to his name in a narrative of events wherein his part does not appear to have been conspicuous, savors, we think, too much of special pleading to be in perfect taste. Whatever judgment may finally be passed upon the question raised by Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON, as to the extent of his father's claim to the gratitude of posterity, the result of the present publication will be to bring before the people many documents of great and permanent historical value.'

It has been urged, we have remarked, against this book, that it is not so much a 'History,' as it is a species of 'Memoirs' of the period of which it treats. So much the better for the reader: the materials are copious and authentic, and familiarize the reader with the men and events of the time, as much, perhaps more, than if they moved on in didactic historical harness. A good portrait of HAMILTON, from a bust; clear maps; an excellent autographic fac-simile of a long and interesting letter from the illustrious subject of the work; and its good typography and paper, are the only remaining features to be noted.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT FANCY FAIRS. — JOHN PHENIX indorses the following: and we should n't be at all surprised if he had some little hand in it:

'The measures adopted for perpetrating the benevolent intentions of the founders of fancy fairs, I regard as serious evils, confessedly not readily to be remedied, though the charities themselves be above all praise.

'For many months the ladies of our country have been exercising their ingenuity, and the patience of fathers and husbands, in planning and constructing a quantity of the most elaborate gimcracks for disposal at the annual fairs, to their deluded countrymen, in behalf of suffering humanity. The orphans are to be clothed and nourished; unregenerated Hottentots reclaimed; unconscious New-Zealanders are to be endowed with breeches to supersede the primitive fig-leaf, or whatever (if any thing) serves therefor; the Borioboolans remembered in mercy; and even the Sepoy-smitten missionary at Boggley-Wollah, kept in eleemosynary remembrance, while the feet of the broad-soled aborigines are to be taken from the horrible pit and miry clay, and 'set upon a rock' edge-ways — all to the credit and renown of our world-noted and charitably-minded women. The mighty engine — of more than leviathan power — that is to accomplish all this, is the 'Fancy Fair,' rather 'low down,' we must confess, but still ranking as one of the most prominent among our American institutions.

'Many a fearful exploit of fancy work, whose use and application the most imaginative man in the universe might fail to divine: miraculous feminine habiliments, exuberant in embroidery, that makes the eye to ache in tracing its pattern, in close communion with male garments of the most confidential description; cerulean slippers, silvered too gayly to be trodden under foot of men, or to mate with the attenuated pantaloons of senility; such achievements in artificial babies as are irresistible to childhood and enticing even to ancient maidens, to whose virgin bosoms they are longed to be clasped in default of the genuine article; barbaric and bridal adornments, precious to the souls of blooming, nubile damsels; and the myriad paraphernalia of toilet and boudoir are all paraded to public view, with the beseeching motto of 'Come, buy me,' enforced by every allurements of entreaty of which their fair custodians are master.

'Wondrous objects of personal wear have these eyes beheld at such festivities. A decorative sample of nocturnal head-gear has been presented to my astonished



vision, averred to contain ninety miles of thread to a mere ell of cloth ! I firmly declined a proposition to 'try on' this mid-night coronet, lest the opposite sex might resent the incursion upon their domain by the fearful retaliation of adopting an essential part of the male attire, sacred to domestic discipline, and without which no authority can be maintained. By laborious computation, I have ascertained that the time employed on this useless embroidery, would have sufficed to fabricate the following articles of philanthropic utility, viz., namely, to wit : Seven hundred and sixty-three Borioboolan cravats ; thirty-eight dozen pinafores for destitute infants in South-Africa ; sixty-eight dozen table-cloths for the starving savages of Raritongo ; one hundred and twenty long-boots for the pearl-fishers of Wankifungo ; two hundred buck-skin breeches for the Subversion of Fleas in California ; seven hundred dozen towels for the Melioration of the Cuticle of the subjects of the King of Dahomey ; and four hundred and eighty dozen hem-stitched handkerchiefs for the Suppression of Perspiration at Boggley-Wollah.

'Comment on such misapplication of labor is unnecessary.

'With the fervent hope of correcting an evil so monstrous, I presented to the fair worker of this piece of filaceous folly a copy of an able work on 'The Proper Employment of Time,' with injunctions to make a good use thereof. From subsequently beholding the head of the young woman in question decorated with leaves of that valuable book, twisted into curl-papers, I was led to conclude that my efforts in her behalf had not been attended with the most complete success.

'Piles of imposing kickshaws are arranged on all such occasions, to tempt the callow youngsters, and through them the unwary parent, who straightway finds himself endowed with a stock of preposterous inventions in behoof of his progeny, for the ruin of his repose, and the eternal destruction of his household comfort. Think of it, O ye fair ladies ! would you be instrumental in enticing a roaring lion, a barking mad-dog, or a needless crying-baby (these may be had, all in tiers) into the domicile of even your worst enemy ? Would you arm the offspring of your dearest AMANDA with engines eminently adapted to the batteration of every mirror and window of her house into effectual smash ? Or visit upon the unoffending head of your maternal uncle the ear-splitting tortures of juvenile toys, such as accordions, compounded of a squeak and a groan ; drums, noisy out of all proportion to their size ; doleful trumpets, with a hoot like an owl ; and the great variety of machines, invested with an atrocious jingle, safe to ruin the peace of mind of any adjacent ear attuned to harmony ? No, my dear Madam, I think if you could foresee half the amazing annoyance that, through your efforts at fancy fairs, the reckless spread of war-like toys is calculated to occasion, you would not thus rashly place temptation in the way of your fellow-creatures.

'What resistance can be opposed to the blandishments of a benevolent beauty, who aggravates her natural charms by the enhancements of soft entreaty ?

'I have seen the most dogged obstinacy overcome in a moment by a bewitching smile from one of those graceful extortionists, and a cumbrous domestic article of doubtful utility foisted upon the rueful victim, who, amid the inward chuckles of the by-standers, is fain to retreat, with the air of a man who has drawn the prize elephant in a beastly raffle.

'It must be admitted, that of late, considerable improvements in the management of the 'raffle,' once so great an engine of chicanery, have been effected, so that, as I am credibly informed, it is not unusual for some body to win, and be allowed to go quietly away with the article in which he buys an interest ; at one time a feat so rarely performed, as to be held to be difficult, if not utterly impossible. A further improvement is suggested, but which meets with little favor,

that the object to be raffled should not be placed at more than ten times its actual value, at present a net profit of one thousand per cent being considered, in the ethics of fair-managers to be the least that can be entertained, in justice to the cause in which they are engaged. A fashion has hitherto prevailed, but is happily now becoming obsolete, of refusing any 'change back' for the purchase of an article, no matter how large the denomination of the sum tendered, thus compelling the victim to disgorge his substance with the dismal satisfaction of having clothed the hungry and fed the naked with the funds wherewith he fondly hoped to pay his debts.

'But when our fair countrywomen lend their talents to the illustration of ideal and historical subjects, by means of wax-work, and the aids of costume, we cannot deny the potent temptation to purchase at any price—even at a fair—the fruits of their labor. Behold that commanding figure, the Goddess of Liberty, in a flaxen wig and expansive skirts, resolutely clutching the cap-crowned staff, as if, emulous of the magnet, she had determined to be true to the pole, at the fearful price of being mistaken for a disguised barber !

'View with hushed emotion that biblical group of the Good Samaritan ; who, if faces go for any thing, is an irreclaimable villain, as LAVATER is my judge ; and see how, with the grace of a milk-man, he pours nothing out of an impossible jug into an incredible chasm in the head of a serene though maudlin wretch, evidently in the last stage of whiskey !

'Admirable also is that other scene from inspired history — the fraternal consignment of the beleaguered JOSEPH to a deep hole by his unnatural brethren, pending the advent of the approaching caravan — a pitiful tableau — hanging by a suspensory ligament round the pit of his stomach — over a pit for which he has evidently *no* stomach — in which transaction the paternal gift of the polychromatic jerkin plays an important part. The inherent love for the traffic in second-hand clothes among the Jews, of which this is the first example in history, is displayed by the fondness with which they are visibly regarding this variegated vestment.

'I have been better pleased, however, with the reconciliation of the repentant Mrs. PARTINGTON with her reputed offspring, just arrived from his foreign tour, during which he has sown his wild oats — we refer to the parable of the 'probable' son of that venerated lady, for whom is slain an infatuated calf — where the household is made merry over the young sinner, who closely resembles a destitute returned Californian, and looks far more hungry than honest. This genial group enforces her own proverb, that a veal dinner, even in the sub-urbs where love is, is preferable to a 'stolid' ox and hatred therewith.

'There are other subjects which I have not seen thus delineated, but which appear to me to be equally capable of being successfully rendered, such as scenes in the life of MOSES, (an early one, for example, where he narrowly escapes being gored by a bull-rush ;) the thrilling act of SAMSON vanquishing hosts with his maxillary weapon, or his inimitable performance of 'slaying the gates of Gaza ;' the convivial meeting of DAVID and GOLIATH, showing the effects of the immoderate use of a sling on the human constitution ; the disposal by ESAU of his patrimony for a mess of '*potage Julienne*' — all capable of being made the vehicle of much instruction and entertainment to the youth of our land.

'The stories of Scripture may even be made to become a key to the revelations of science ; the phenomenon of the rain-bow, for instance, (whose colors, like those of a toper's nose, exhibit a natural result of being constantly on a bender,) being explained to the meanest capacity, and established as a knower's Arc, (thus

by a neat and serviceable pun indicating its origin,) and truth be in divers ways evolved in every department of knowledge.

'What caitiff so rash as to dare deny the presence of *ART* among us? Take him to a Fair, and let that gorgeous picture, affluent in all the colors of the rainbow, the *BATTLE OF WATERLOO*, with its crewel and sanguinary scenes, (wherein both *NAPOLÉON* and his enemies are worsted,) done with a darning-needle, reply, and extinguish the traitor forever!

'We may point, also, in triumph to another work of equal merit, which displays that touching episode in the life of *CHARLES I.*, where that monarch is depicted, dressed in robes of violet, taking leave of his green and yellow children, while his royal nose obtrudes upon us in a carbuncled state, garnished with a rectangular pimple, of purple hue, all of wool, woolly. The majestic features of that decapitated potentate are seen blocked out in eligible squares of various colors, like a map of a western city, all the outlines of his face exhibiting edges like a coarse hand-saw, or a flight of door-steps.

'To whom are we indebted for this graceless invention for perpetuating in fleecy, lanatous, and flocculent stitches, the memorable events of history? May his visions be haunted by the leatheriest of medals!

'The appalling extent of this mode of delineation is calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions in the breast of all true lovers of art and loyal patriots; for what, may I ask, would become of our veneration for the adored Father of his country, should the needle-workers assail his sacred image with premeditated punctures, and hold him up in variegated lamb's-wool through all coming time, to the horror-stricken gaze of new-begotten generations?

'I need not remark that the system I condemn furnishes more nutriment to the dismal epidemic of wool-pictures than any other moving cause; and verily, I say unto you, such are the inflammatory hues of these productions, that even the ancient Jews, who looked so solemn on all the glories of *SOLOMON*, never beheld him arrayed like one of these.

'What, let me propound, becomes of such atrocities, when they leave the warm precincts of the cheerful Fair? Did any body ever see one in any body's house? Conscientious peruser of these lines, would you tolerate the guilt of one in your own? It is my fervent hope and belief that the dismayed winner of such a prize, after vainly essaying to give it away, consigns it to merited oblivion in the cock-loft, or furtively bestows it upon *TOWSER* in his kennel.

'Quite as worthy of consignment to *TOWSER* are some of the culinary preparations usually found at fairs. Great pyramids of cake, than which nothing is more fit to confer perennial head-ache; baker's pies, whereof no man knoweth the composition, so grievous to the bodily health that the buyer ought forthwith to bespeak the coffin, as after consuming the former, he will have imminent need of the latter; and being thus near to 'kingdom-come,' let also his *WILL* be done, if he entertains any designs of a testamentary nature. The reflections of ice-cream and charlotte-russe are less to be condemned, though it may be said in general, that too large a share of the entertainment consists of the crockery and spoons.

'The *KNICKERBOCKER* is not a folio volume a foot thick, printed in diamond type, and I therefore cannot absorb its limited space in an enumeration of *all* the follies, faults, offences, and infirmities justly chargeable upon the fancy-fair system. Its limits are counsellors to the fear that this article hath over-stepped the brief boundary already. The subject being barely broached, it is to be hoped that some able advocate at the bar of common-sense, will prosecute to a conviction the investigations thus imperfectly begun.'

THE LATE HENRY CARY: 'JOHN WATERS' OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. — Seldom have we been more startled, than when walking up Broadway with a friend, one morning recently, to learn from him of the death of Mr. HENRY CARY, of New-York, the 'JOHN WATERS' of the KNICKERBOCKER, in days gone by. He died at Florence, some months since; and although we have read every day two city journals, we have never seen the lamented fact recorded. It will be our province, in an ensuing number, to speak, in detail, of the extraordinary qualities, personal and literary, of this refined gentleman, and most gifted and graceful of essayists. A writer of the time said of him: 'How skillfully he moves a horror, and produces affrightments, let the reader judge, who shall peruse the authentic story of *'The Iron Foot-step,'* in a late KNICKERBOCKER. Yet is not this a fair example of the writer's power. Does he place before you, with a few touches of his pencil, a portrait of a departed friend? How faithful and striking the delineation! Does he transcribe heart-records, or depict the affections? What an amount of kindred thought and feeling he conveys to the reader! Does he dally with the NINE? What a tender regard they manifest for him, while he traces his graceful fancies! No cumbrous and misplaced description; no disproportioned and injudicious ornament, mar the beauty of his poetry, or the clearness of his prose.' Let us go back nearly nineteen years, and show to the thousands of our *new* readers how beautiful, clear and fervent was his style. Take, for example, *'The Iron Footstep,'* the scene of which is laid in one of the barracks of a Western Scottish regiment, which was stationed upon a high bluff that formed one point of a low crescentular bay, over-looking the town and harbor:

'In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major HAMILTON, Captain GORDON, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recal. Major HAMILTON's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

'The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to-and-fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

'Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep, cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now, amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

'This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major HAMILTON was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery; and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain GORDON, and was buried under arms at sun-set of the same day.

'Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that GORDON, having

retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half-surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: 'Poor HAMILTON! Well, God have mercy upon us!'

'He felt at the moment that some one near him said, 'Amen!' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked: 'Who is there?'

'There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into HAMILTON's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, 'It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

'Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. 'It is very remarkable,' said he; 'I could have sworn I heard it!'

'He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

'He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

'Have you been long stationed here?' said Captain Gordon.

'Half an hour,' was the reply.

'Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza, during that time?'

'I did not.'

'Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. 'My old comrade,' said he, 'what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?'

'And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

'In the name of God, HAMILTON, is that you?'

'A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

'GORDON, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. — Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!'



'Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose, it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

'One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

'He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young HAMILTON was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

'It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.'

His fervent reverence and faith are well presented in the annexed most heart-felt lines :

'Along the mountain-track of life,  
Along the weary lea,  
O'er rocks, mid storms, in joy, in strife,  
Let this my heart-cry be,  
'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

'This pilgrim-path by THEE was trod,  
JESUS! my KING! by THEE!  
Traced by THY feet, THY tears, THY blood,  
In love, in death, for me:  
Oh! bring my soul 'nearer to THEE!'

'Let every step, let every thought,  
Sweet memories bear of THEE!  
And hear the soul THY love hath bought,  
Whose way-cry oft shall be,  
'Nearer to THEE! 'Nearer to THEE!'

'Thou wilt! Thou dost! A small still voice  
Teacheth of Faith in THEE!  
Of Hope, that might in grief rejoice  
If still the way-cry be,  
'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

'Yet a few days to me, perhaps,  
And Time no more shall be;  
But boundless love can know no lapse,  
Thou art eternity!  
Draw THOU my soul 'nearer to THEE!'

'Be it the Heaven I hope above,  
To live and move in THEE!  
Oh! by THY past, THY promised love,  
Grant these blest words to me,  
'Ascend, forgiven! — 'Nearer to THEE!'

His contrasts in narrative-manner may be gathered from a scene given in a sketch, entitled '*On Rivers and Other Things*,' involving a most whimsical account of trying to make a deaf man hear. 'Health' and 'weather' comments had been made, when came the unlucky question: 'Are you fond of Fish?' The subjoined extract will explain itself:

'I THANK you,' said the latter, 'the mare is decidedly better; that bleeding in the hoof did her business completely, and I don't doubt that by autumn she will be as well as ever.'

'I asked you,' said the visitor in a determined tone, and like a person who has something to say, 'I asked you, whether you were fond of Fish? — Alas! my masters! how many unnecessary, how many futile, how many absurd questions, among the idle words that are dignified with the title of conversation, are daily propounded in this grave world of ours! *Fond of fish!* *Fond of Fish!* and that fish, a Shad! and that shad, a Connecticut-River Shad! and that Connecticut-River Shad, a prime brace of shad! in the highest season, and the highest order, and the finest brace of shad in the entire haul of EXOCH SMITH, now yet quivering, without the loss of one radiant scale, upon the snow-white dresser of this man's imagination! Ought I to call it an imagination? Ought I to go on with the story, or abandon it as an impracticable thing? Fond of Fish!



'Oh! commend me to a life of leisure in a small town upon the right bank of the River Connecticut, and let my lease begin at the beginning of the shad season! Give me ENOCH SMITH to draw the seine, a green lane to conduct me to the river-shore, and a CLAUDE LORRAINE morning for my day of purchase! Fond of Fish! Why, what an idea, to be conveyed upon the subject of this brace of shad, from one Christian Being to another Christian Being, who had both—as it is to be supposed—read and studied the lives of the apostles! Fond of Fish!!!

'But the stout man, finding that he was not apprehended, reiterated the remarkable question; and, in a still louder tone, exclaimed: 'I—asked—you—whether—you—are—fond—of—FISH?' making a pause between each of these peculiar words, and shooting the last word of the singular interrogatory out of his mouth, by means of his fore-teeth and a most emphatic under-lip, as a boy does a marble with the bent fore-finger and thumb of the right hand.

'I perceive,' was the reply, 'that you are asking me a question; but really the *rhumatis* has, I think, quite the better of my right ear. Would you do me the favor,' continued he, turning the left side of his head toward his interlocutor with the suavity of a person already obliged; 'would you do me the great favor to repeat your inquiry?'

'I asked you,' said the other, growing scarlet in the gills like the shad of his imagination, 'I—merely—asked—you'—for he began (I thought at the time) to grow vexed with the absurdity of his position in having given utterance to a conception at once so feeble and yet so eccentric; and being a coarse man, could only get out by passionately going through what he had to say: 'if—you—were—fond—of—Fish?' And on this occasion each word seemed to me to have the force of a pistol-shot, and the last word that of a cannon-ball; and he rose as he spoke like a man of might and purpose as he was, and clenched his hand, and quivered upon the stout bow legs that sustained him as he stood: '*Fish*,' roared he! '*Fish*,' shouted he! 'I asked you if you were fond of FISH,' thundered he!

'I quite regret being so very deaf to-day, and yet I should be sorry,' replied his imperturbable friend, fumbling in his pockets and looking about the couch, 'to lose any observation of yours, and particularly one in which you seem so earnest; here is a piece of paper, and here is a pencil; be kind enough to write it down while I get on my glasses.' By the time his eyes were reinforced the paper was ready, and glancing it over he answered at once, raising himself suddenly upward, as he exclaimed at the utmost reach of his voice, and with deep and increasing energy: 'Oh! Very!' 'Very!' 'VERY!'

'Good morning, Mr. JOHNSON,' said his now blown and indignant visitor. 'Are you off? Well, good morning, Captain!' replied the other; and as soon as the door was closed, 'My neighbor Captain TOMPKINS, I am sorry to perceive, has grown quite as deaf as myself,' said he in a musing manner. 'If I had his legs—'t is there he has the advantage of me—if I had his legs, I could have collected all the news of the parish in the time that he has been prosing here about my mare! And I wanted too to know something this morning about shad. Here, SALLY! tell BOB to run down the lane and find out whether ENOCH SMITH is going to draw soon; and if BOB meet any persons on the way with shad, let him ask the price of the day before he says a word to SMITH.'

The same deep religious feeling, the same spirit of self-abasement and spiritual devotion, which characterize 'Nearer to THEE,' distinguish also '*Lines written in Affliction*,' from which we select a brief but characteristic passage:

'Oh! raise thy thoughts toward thy Heavenly KING!  
 Let not His quickening grace be wholly lost;  
 Perchance even yet thy wilderness may bloom  
 Beneath His smile, and blossom as the rose!  
 My soul! whom hast thou in the Heavens like HIM?  
 Or on the earth to be compared to HIM?  
 Are not thine idols fallen?—one by one,  
 Thy bloom, thy youth, thy strength, thy friends, thy pride,  
 Thy ready confidence, thy force of mind—  
 Have they not all departed? What is left?  
 What idle meteor lures thee back to dust  
 From HIM, to whom thy happier thoughts aspire?  
 Raise thee, oh! raise thee! quit this vacant star,  
 Mount with the morning to the gates of heaven:  
 There plead, and hope; confide, and be forgiven!  
 So shall thy present sorrow turn to joy  
 Ineffable; and the dark cloud of grief  
 Shall pass from off the face of thy sad breast,

Before the smile of His effulgent love;  
 His, thine ascended SAVIOUR'S, beam of Grace!  
 Thy life shall wear a charm unknown before,  
 And with the royal Psalmist shalt thou sing  
 In holy rapture, to affliction's praise!

We shall hope, as we have intimated, to do better justice to the personal and literary character of the lamented subject of these hurried remarks hereafter.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have lost or mislaid '*Turkle's Dinner*, which was the next in order of the

'Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blower.

SNAP FIFTH.

'Of course you've been to Quaker Meetin':

'Of course you've read about Quaker Meetin':

'Of course you think there's nothing 'smart' left to be written about Quaker Meetin'.

'Notwithstanding all which 'courses' of objections and obstacles, I am going to write about *Quaker Meetin'*.

'The reason is, that *I went* to Quaker Meetin' last Sunday — with TURKLE.

TURKLE came down to 'our house,' clad in complete gray — in fact, looking perfectly AMINADAB-SLEEKISH. He even had a gray silk pocket-handkerchief.

'MARK,' said he, 'does thee intend to go to *our* meetin' this morning?'

'Well, brother TURKLE, if you'll take me under your 'gray-goose-wing,' (I beg your pardon,) I will gladly join the Society's 'Sabbath-council.'

'Thee must mind thy Ps and Qs, then, and not look carnally at the sisters, nor wriggle thy features into ungodly smiles; nor blow thy nose over-loud; nor take off thy hat, except when the Spirit moveth a brother or a sister unto prayer.'

'And in meek obedience to Brother T.'s instructions, I took my seat at his side upon a 'back bench' at the *Meetin'*.

'The Meetin'-House was full. The men sat upon the hardest of benches, with the stiffest of backs, and a general air of wry-neck-edness pervaded them. On the women's seats I remarked drab cushions, at intervals peeping from mouse-colored skirts. The rows of bonnets, (if the head-gear of the female Q's can be so called,) all of a serious tint, between white and old-shingle-color, reminded me, looking at them from behind, of a battalion of sheep's-heads close-sheared, some washed, and some weather-stained.

'Upon the raised benches at the farther end, sat on one side, six unmitigated *broad-brims*; on the other, seven uncompromising *sheep's-heads*: (I speak respectfully, and in a PICKWICKIAN sense.) The silence was audible.

'It was half-past ten A. M.

'TURKLE gradually subsided into a serene slumber, real or feigned.

'An hour past on; TURKLE awoke,' to the consciousness of 'something going on!' The fact was, that at the end of this hour's silence, one of the six unmitigated ones rose suddenly, as if some body had inserted a pin into his person, took off his broad-eaved roof, and began to sing; (as I supposed, but TURKLE said, in the faintest whisper, '*exhort.*') The unmitigated then rose with

a jerk, and *exhorted* for half-an-hour, while I took a mental portrait of him; but the only trace of it that has remained upon my bump of what-d'ye-calleme, is a wig-block, painted yellowish-white, with two brown ridges across the forehead; (the eyes were kept closed, or at least, seemed so, from where I sat;) a shadow, as of a miniature pump-handle, down the middle-face, and a three-cornered hole near the base. The pith of his exhortation escaped me, but the subject was '*Gifts*.' I remember this, because, about the centre of his song — exhortation, I mean — a small white object suddenly appeared near the tip of my nose, with a gray glove backing it, and perceiving it to be a slip of paper with writing thereon, I took it and read as followeth:

‘Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us.’

‘The half-hour being *up*, the unmitigated went *down* with another jerk, as if a mattress had fallen on his head, and roofed himself again.

‘After which there was a second eloquent silence of twenty minutes:

‘Followed by a rise on the part of one of the uncompromising *sheep's-heads*, who delivered herself — of a prayer for quaker children who were forsaking drab ways, and hankering after crinoline, or strip-ed pantaloons.

‘After which, silence, for a third time,

‘LIKE a poultice, came  
To heal the blows of sound.’

‘Ten minutes having elapsed, the unmitigated, who had *exhorted*, was suddenly seized with a *silent out-burst* of sentiment and fraternal feeling toward the unmitigated next him, which he exhibited by rising and cordially shaking hands with said unmitigated No. Two. At this demonstration, there was an *universal rise in 'shad,'* and the meetin' dissolved.

‘We stood on the bank as the stream flowed by, and having passed the whole shoal in review, passed ourselves out.

‘MARCUS PHYPPS,’ commenced TURKLE, as we wended, ‘I’ll tell thee what. There was a deal of good sense and sound logic in Brother WHIFFLIN’s exhortation, and —’

‘So there was! Was he the ZERUBABEL WHIFFLIN who —?’

‘Y-e-a! (do n’t interrupt me!) and Sister DEBORAH’s prayer was a sincere out-pouring of the spirit. Crinoline, brother MARCUS, is a national curse: a world-wide curse: its untimely and exaggerated *expansion* has been the prime cause of the *pressure* in every thing else.

‘PHYPPS; Nota-bene: There was n’t a pretty Quakeress in meetin’.

‘So there was n’t. Are you going to dine with me?’

‘No! — What was that you said just now about a little whiskey-and-water before dinner?’

‘(I had not intimated *‘the remotest.’*)

‘Well, MARC, I do n’t know but it *would* be *‘medicinally useful.’*’

‘We went into ‘our house.’ The old Bourbon was handed forth. MR. TURKLE helped himself, and holding the glass admiringly between his eye and the window: ‘You do n’t drink whiskey, I think,’ said he gravely. ‘Young, vigorous men like you should never indulge in strong drink. You do n’t need it: you do n’t want any artificial stimulus; but (here he took a sip) when a man is past middle age, (here he took another,) even if it is n’t very *pleasant*, (here he took a third,) something of the kind is necessary to accelerate the circulation, and assist digestion; and though I do n’t like liquor — especially whiskey, (here he finished the glass

and sighed,) I occasionally take a small quantity medicinally, and having found whiskey agree with me the best, I am, in a measure, (here he poured out a table-spoonful or so more, and drank it at a long swallow,) forced to stick to it. WILLIAM, (to the sable republican just setting the table,) you've got onions in the stuffing of the turkey to-day, and you've left the kitchen-door open: I smell it. Go shut it, WILLIAM, or I shall have to stay to dinner.'

'WILLIAM shut the *kitchen-door*, and Mr. TURKLE opened the *street-door* — *after dinner!*'

A 'distinct difference!' - - - 'SIGMA,' a new Vermont correspondent, sends us a few amusing legal anecdotes, connected with eminent juristical and prominent advocatorial personages, years ago, in the Green-Mountain State. Among these anecdotes, he narrates one of the late Judge P —, one of the 'giants of those days.' His sheriff was a long-legged, lank, lean, awkward Yankee; bashful withal; a stutterer and stammerer; and with a voice 'like the tearing of a stay-sail out of a bolt-rope.' He 'opened court' one day with the usual formula: 'Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!' etc., which he did, doubtless, in the style of the Nassau-street 'self-sealing en-vel-op' vender: 'Any thing on the bo-a-a-rd, fo-u-r cents: Twenty-five sheets of writing paper, fo-w-er c-a-e-n-ts!' etc. He, of course, became embarrassed, and stuttered and stammered: commenced — broke down — commenced again; and had proceeded as far as to designate the Court by its jurisdictional name, which, to save his life, he could not do at first; then he commenced again, and *again* had to give it up, leaving the irresistible impression on the minds of persons ignorant of what he would be at, that he was calling their Honors by very bad names. Judge P — enjoyed the fellow's confusion and embarrassment very keenly; and when he could contain himself no longer, he turned to one of his associates, and slapping him familiarly on the knee, remarked in a whisper, loud enough to be heard throughout the bar: 'I say Brother R —, I have seen courts opened before now, in all manner of ways, but I must confess I never before saw one *torn open!*' Here is another: The late BATES TURNER, of Vermont, (of whom every fun-lover within five hundred miles has heard, and of whom more humorous sayings are recorded than of any other man in Vermont,) was as witty a man, as he was learned jurist. He had a quick, subtle, and acute mind, with a nervous and very hurried manner; speaking so fast, when talking, that it was difficult for the listener to keep up with his words. He was many years on the bench. On one occasion, a young and zealous lawyer, not over punctilious in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a law-question before the JUDGE; and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to 'suppose a case.' 'We will suppose, your Honor,' said he, 'that your Honor were to steal a horse —' 'No! no! no!' interrupted the Judge; 'not at all! not at all; 't'an't a supposable case, Mr. S —, 't'an't a supposable case.' 'Very well, begging your Honor's pardon,' proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, 'very well; then supposing that I should steal a horse —' 'Ah! yes, yes, yes,' said the Judge, 'that is a different thing: very likely, Mr. S —, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S —.' Mr. S — proceeded to take a seat, amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and to repeat it often to his friends. While Judge TURNER was in the practice

of his profession, he once conducted a petty litigation between two very mean men, about a very small matter, and finally succeeded in *promoting* his case to the County Court, to be heard by a judge presiding therein, who shall be nameless. This Judge, although he had the respect of the bar for his learning and ability, had lost their confidence in his integrity, and was generally deemed corrupt. He was a man of stately, dignified presence, although at times a little 'pompious.' Mr. TURNER's case was laid before his honor, and had been proceeded in far enough for the Judge to catch a glimpse of the nature of it and its litigants, when he stopped Mr. TURNER in a very grave, dignified manner: 'Mr. TURNER, this seems to be rather a trifling case: why not advise your client to submit it to the candid, impartial arbitrament of two or three good, honest men, and so not trouble the Court?' 'Ah! yes, yes, yes! your Honor,' broke in Mr. TURNER, in his usual hurried manner, and a sparkling snap of his sharp, 'practised eye,' as he addressed the Judge, (for whom, by the way, he had not a high regard,) 'yes, yes! your Honor, but *this is just precisely one of those cases we do not wish to trouble an honest man with!*' Mr. TURNER lost his case. One or two more, and I am done: An empty-headed, conceited brother-lawyer once bewailed to Judge TURNER that he (the lawyer) could not be translated back to youth and carry with him all the learning and experience he had acquired during a long practice: 'Yes, yes!' said the Judge; 'but console yourself that you would carry back a very light pack indeed; hardly worth the journey!' He had a very intimate friend and neighbor, who was very methodical (and withal rather eccentric) in the commonest affairs of life. Among other things, this neighbor had a dog: a fine noble fellow, that was a general favorite, and with whom his master kept a regular and precise book-account, charging the dog with his board, etc., etc., and crediting him with services whenever he rendered any. It so happened that the dog killed a cow, by breaking her neck, for which his master had to pay dearly, and so he killed the dog. Upon examining, and adjusting the account with his dog, after his demise, the animal was found to be greatly in debt to his master. Of this he was complaining one day to the Judge in mock-mourning style, when Judge TURNER briefly remarked, nudging his friend, 'Yes, yes, M——; no knowing how the dog's accounts would have stood if he had only had an *honest* executor!' The dog's estate was speedily settled, and accounts balanced by 'profit and loss' account. - - - The following is a 'rich' epistle to the Publisher. We omit names, but it comes all the way from Arkansas, and is authentic:

'JOHN A. GRAY, Esq, publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER in new york I always though that the KNICKERBOCKER Jurnal was published At boston new-Engling, and that the Editor was one of the obliging Men in the world. buthowever Let it be as it may, you will pleas inform me of the fack, by return mail, and too, the Termes That you will furnish the KNICKERBOCKER magazine, for six months Or one year. If I like the magazine, well Enough at the End of One Volum, to have them bound I may continue for several years I am now and have been a subscriber to EMERSON magazine I want you to understand me — that is I have two, political Letters, that I crave verry much to have a lasting copy in my house And If I am subscriber to your magazine, you have to place them In one copy of the magazine, so it may be for safe keeping for Myself and my friends and children,

so my political Views may Be always be known,, I mailed these Letters to EMERSON, he returned Them to me, and give no reason, I am deturmined to stop as soon as This Volum is out.'

Sorry to say that we must be as obstinate as '*Emerson* magazine.' 'Political letters' are 'not at all in our way.' - - - THE Rev. Mr. SIMEON, a zealous divine of the Church of England, though of Jewish descent, was a man whose wit and humor almost equalled his piety. He must have been a regular SYDNEY SMITH, in his way. A worthy though credulous and simple-minded lady of his acquaintance, Mrs. L —, once related to him a wonderful story, of a clergyman who had recently received a message from a lady in trouble, requesting to see him, but stating that he must come blind-folded. He complied. He found the lady in bed, in great affliction, and recollected to have often seen her in church, one of the most attentive and devout of his congregation. She informed him that she was a Jewess by birth, but a Christian by conviction; that she wished to be confirmed in the church; that her relatives opposed it, and finding her resolute in her purpose, had determined to make way with her. 'And there,' said she, pointing to a heap of stones, in a corner of the room, 'there are the stones with which they intend to stone me to death to-morrow!' 'Did you ever hear so shocking a story?' continued Mrs. L —: 'and what makes it worse, the clergyman was brought away again blind-folded, so that there is no knowing who the lady was, or how to help her, or what has become of her!' 'Madam,' said Mr. SIMEON, gravely, 'all farther meddling in the matter would be useless. The poor lady is dead. She was stoned to death, as she predicted. I can assure you of the fact, for I swallowed the stones after the ceremony!' 'Ah,' said the good lady, 'you are jesting; but I assure you the story is true. I heard it from Mr. GRIMES, who told it with tears in his eyes.' 'Mr. GRIMES — Mr. GRIMES?' replied Mr. SIMEON; 'oh! is not that the gentleman who was tired of the version of the whale's swallowing JONAH, and insisted that it was JONAH who swallowed the whale?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed the good Mrs. L —; 'well, I did not know that any one held *that* belief!' - - - 'OUR friends, the French *boutiquiers*,' writes a friend, 'have a singular *penchant* for English signs: '*La spécialité de Pumpkin Pie*' is familiar to most of us; but the following, from the most frequented passage in Paris, far excels its prototype of the *rue de la Michaudière*: '*The Confectioner and Paste-board Maker*, who every year establishes himself in this passage, where he was last year hereby, has taken the place of the Ginger-bread maker of Dijon: our predecessor's ginger-bread is kept also, and is joined to the Apple-Sugar of Rouen.' The same friendly correspondent sends us the following: 'A distinguished geologist, and a wit withal, who was quite as noted for his corpulency as for his science, was one day thus accosted by a brother savant, to whom our language was less familiar than that of the rocks: '*Mon Dieu, professeur*, what a curious *formation* you are!' 'Yes,' replied the professor: 'I belong to the tertiary: you, I suppose, belong to the zoophytes.' Joke 'not taken.' - - - WE present the accompanying note to the EDITOR, from Mr. N. B. VINEYARD, of Marengo, Iowa, unaccompanied by any comment whatever. It certainly requires none:

Marengo, Iowa, January 30, 1858.

'FRIEND CLARK: You will perhaps forgive my thieving propensities, when you



learn the object I had in view in sending to you one of Mr. WILLIS's pieces as my own. I was *anxious* to know whether a *name* connected with a literary production was not *all*, in your estimation, no difference how much *true* merit the production possessed. This is conclusively proven in the January number of your Magazine, in your editorial upon the poem of Mr. WILLIS.

'I have some pieces you may have got well paid for looking at, had I not thought a *name* instead of the production was *all* in the eyes of some who *pretend* unto wisdom. Excuse the course I have taken, for I shall still remain a constant reader of the KNICKERBOCKER. Respectfully, N. B. VINEYARD.'

That'll 'do!' - - - THE following, by a 'Wolverine' Judge, is intended to define the crime of murder to a Wolverine jury: 'Murder, gentlemen,' said the Western SOLON, 'is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now murder by poison, is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the *murdering* that constitutes murder, in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another: therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and if it be not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case: one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another: that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like!' - - - A YOUNG fellow, whose father had emigrated from Kentucky to the State of Illinois, writes '*The Kanetuckian's Lament.*' One verse will answer:

'ILLINOIS it is a inviting State,  
Its broad peraries roal out so grate;  
But it aint nothing like Kanetucky,  
So if you kin, you had better stay there.'

Is n't this one verse *enough*? - - - '*The West-Shore Rail-road,*' from Hoboken to Piermont, on the Hudson, we are glad to announce, is begun. It will surely interest our city readers in general, and especially the lovers of fine scenery, good air, and pure water, on a route exempt from draw-bridges and draw-backs of every description, that such a rail-way is at length under contract for construction, equipment, and practical operation by lessees for a term of years. Engineers are perfecting the location, and the contractors have already commenced the grading. The line from the west side of Bergen Ridge, skirts the foot of the Palisade-Ridge, and is nearly straight and nearly level, about twenty miles to Piermont. The contract is in the hands of a most respectable company, who are also the lessees, and who intend to make and operate the road in a manner worthy of the unique region which it traverses. The stock is subscribed, and will be held by the unsophisticated Huguenot population on the route, who intend the road for their own local accommodation, and that of all respectable new-comers into their bland and quiet neighborhood. It is an event for the citizens of this groaning metropolis, as well as for the heretofore terra-incognita of Bergen county, New-Jersey. - - - THE subjoined sketch is as authentic as it is interesting:

'CHARLEY BRENT and myself were school-mates. He was one of those singular

anomalies yecept artists. One who could thoroughly criticise a *chef d'œuvre* of CANOVA or TITIAN, while of the actualities of life he knew nothing. One who could detect almost at a glance the difference between a copy and an original, but whom a child could have cheated in any thing outside of his profession. At the time when we first became acquainted he was different from what he afterward became. His eccentricities had not then declared themselves in any direct line except a love for drawing horse-heads, and a dislike for method and regularity. His desk was a study, not of painting, but of the sad havoc one idea engrossing the mind can make of a naturally fine disposition. If he wished to find a particular book with which to attend a class, his search was a series of burrows under slates, books, and drawing-materials, that would shock a rat. His memory for any thing but paintings or subjects connected with them, was atrocious. He even seemed to forget the necessity of eating. The thought has often presented itself, how easily he could have lived in Rome; for instance, he could breakfast on a 'Madonna,' dine sumptuously on a 'VENUS,' sup, like an ogre, on a 'Patriarch,' and if at all like MICKEY FREE, 'clothe himself in the Twelve Apostles and Holy Family.'

'He had no idea of the value of money. If he became possessed of any, his first thought was so much oil and canvas can be bought with this. Careless, bold and happy in the pursuit of his art, his life was to be envied. He was looked upon by his friends when a boy, as dull and visionary; but his mind would at times flash forth through this apathy with a brilliancy showing that, although the surface was clouded, there blazed beneath a pure strong flame. He could have swept the institution of its prizes, but preferred being left alone and unheeded to the boyish pursuits of his art. Year after year swept by, and he saw without feeling his inferiors rising by dint of industry above him. Toward the time of his graduating he conquered with a noble effort the spirit that had bound him, and stood before us as himself. Almost without an effort he shot past us and left us too full of admiration to feel envy. He graduated with honor, and left shortly after, to go to Rome to pursue the study of his art. Wishing to see some gems which were then in Paris, he determined to go through France. Well had it been for him had he not. Becoming enraptured with a private painting in Paris, he received permission to make a copy of it. One day, while in the gallery, a party of gay young Parisians came to see the paintings. Among them was the famous duellist R ——. He had already, it was said, killed six men: one for each year after attaining his majority. The lady accompanying this man incommoded CHARLEY to such an extent, that he asked her politely but firmly to stand from his painting. R —— sprang forward, and with an oath, struck him to the ground. CHARLEY, recovering himself, kicked the fellow into the street. Of course a duel was the consequence.

'They fought the day but one after in the Bois de Boulogne. At the first fire CHARLEY, by some strange chance, wounded his adversary in the shoulder, and of course deemed himself satisfied. Not so with R ——: he insisted on having, and finally CHARLEY was obliged to allow him a second fire. By some accident BRENT missed his aim, and his adversary stood with loaded pistol before him about to take his life. The demon slowly raised his weapon to a level, and presented. All eyes were now turned on BRENT. He stood bravely. No braggadocio, no curling of his lip to hide other emotions, but calmly awaiting his death-blow. With a cold, satanic smile, his adversary fired. The smoke cleared, and he beheld CHARLEY lying dead before him. 'Voilà sept,' he coolly remarked. That was CHARLEY's epitaph.'

WELL, come, CHILDREN! — let us have a little talk with a few of you now: more of you may come to the small side-table by-and-by: you have certainly waited very patiently for a good while:

'A LITTLE boy in one of our public schools was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount, in a manner somewhat differing from the best commentator. He read: 'Ye-can-not-serve-God-and-WOMAN!'

'Gussy S —, aged six, writing to her aunt and namesake, who has been very ill, was desirous of sending a very amusing epistle to the invalid. She told her all the home news she could think of, about the cats, the dog, and the birds. Now it so happened, that one unfortunate puss had by some accident lost her tail. Gussy was going to write down this afflicting incident; but paused, saying very gravely: 'Aunt MARIA, I think I won't write that: *it might agitate aunt Augusta!*'

'A CLASS-MATE of mine, whom for convenience I will call ADAMS, was some years since chosen Governor of his native State. His eldest daughter, a very observing and thoughtful child, was then just two years and eight months old, but could talk distinctly, and, as my story proves, could reason remarkably well. She had heard the people who constantly called on her father, inquiring at the door if 'Governor ADAMS was in?' A few days after this, as she was sitting alone on the nursery-floor, her mother, in an adjoining room, over-heard her in the following soliloquy, which we think can be put against any modern 'juvility,' as evincing close observation, correct reasoning, and withal a due sense of personal dignity, in so young a child: 'My papa is Governor ADAMS; my mamma is Mrs. Governor ADAMS; and I am Miss GOVERNOR ADAMS!'

'A LITTLE three-year-old daughter of a friend of mine, who has been religiously reared, wished to spend the day with a baby-friend, and expressed the wish to her mother, urging her with great pertinacity to grant permission; but observing that she was not likely to be successful, decided on a grand final appeal, saying: 'Do, dear mother, let me go: I will be ever so good a girl.' And then pausing, folding her tiny hands and placing herself in an attitude of prayer, she added: 'And this I ask, for Jesus' sake.'

'It is needless to add that she made the visit; and, I have no doubt, has increased faith in prayer.'

'OUR little FANNIE is a wilful child, something less than four years old, inheriting an ample share of what is commonly called '*pluck*.' When she grows older she will know better. She has a nurse named ELLEN, to whom she is much attached. Last evening something offended her, causing an unusual display of temper. Her excellent mother attempted to soothe her, and pointing out the wickedness of such conduct, told her she must ask God to forgive her. But it was of no use. The 'old ADAM' would come out, and looking up with an expression of countenance, as of language, in which passion and triumph were about equally blended, she exclaimed: 'I *won't* say my prayers to God to-night — I'll say 'em to ELLEN!'

Uncommendable, certainly. - - - WE like to read the criminal proceedings of the Special Sessions, now that our old friend SHERMAN BROWNELL is associated with Judge OSBORN upon the bench. MR. BROWNELL is A MAN. He once received our vote for MAYOR (the only time we ever departed from our allegiance to the 'ger-reat Per-rin-ci-ples of 'Ninety-Eight') simply because we

saw him, fresh and rosy, in the early dewy summer morning, taking a basket of nice meat and vegetables to a poor widow woman, just out of Hudson-street. His eyes and glossy curls seemed to reflect the satisfaction that a good deed had engendered. The other day, a little boy was before the court, for stealing a ball of thread: 'Discharge him,' said Judge BROWNELL: 'took it to fly a kite with, I suppose.' A man was brought up for stealing fat from a bullock. He alleged that he stole it to grease his boots with. 'Well, then,' said the JUDGE indignantly, 'why could n't you cut it out of the kidney, instead of spoiling a whole quarter? There was plenty of loose fat lying around to grease your boots with, without spoiling a quarter. Guilty: penitentiary two months.' Another man was arraigned for stealing a halibut, weighing seventy pounds. 'Thus then' Judge BROWNELL: 'Now the idea of a man picking up a fish weighing seventy pounds from the side-walk, and walking off with it! Why, he'd 'ave had to back up a cart and take it — seventy pounds!' Let him off light.' And he *was* 'let off light.' - - - THANKS to our friend Professor ADAM SYGHE for the '*North-Woods Walton-Club*' pamphlet: and 'thanks, double-thanks,' for our unanimous election thereto, and for the manner in which our humble name was made to perform honorable service as the twelfth regular toast at the 'Supper.' What a list of officers and members! Governor KING, (our old St. NICHOLAS PRESIDENT,) 'good man' though he be, and a capital fisherman, heads the list; but he 'is n't a priming' to some 'good fellows' whom we could point out among our associates. We shall refer farther to the '*North-Woods Walton-Club*,' when we conclude, next month, our 'Trip to JOHN BROWNE'S Tracte.' - - - WE regret to learn that '*De Bow's Review*,' and his '*Weekly Press*,' both neatly executed, and issued monthly and weekly from Washington City, and both capable and industriously-edited exponents of the trade, commerce, agricultural advantages, and the kindred and collateral interests of the South, are not as well supported as they should be. Mr. DE BOW, however, who for fifteen years has labored assiduously in this behalf, makes a simple but eloquent appeal in a recent number, for simple justice at the hands of his subscribers; an appeal which we should hardly suppose could possibly be disregarded. The quantity and quality of the matter contained in the *Review*, are at least equal to the merits of works of similar character, for the same price, in any other section of the country: while '*The Weekly Press*' adds to its own sectional enforcements, literary recommendations, which should favorably affect each publication; as the two together cost only five dollars a year. We wish for both journals increased encouragement and ample success. - - - It is our belief that the brace of '*Quakeristics*' which ensue, proceed from the 'Drab City:'

'SOME years ago, ere our metropolis had yet attained to its present magnificence of manhood, and was only a half-grown village in round jacket and cap, there dwelt in one of its suburbs a Quaker apothecary. Now it is probable, that since the days of Babylon and Nineveh, no city has ever been honored by such a Quaker apothecary as this. His features were such as might have been formed by tightly drawing a piece of parchment over a skull; nor was the spectral appearance of his figure-head at all diminished by the huge pair of goggles which he wore astride his nose. His coat of gray, cut straight, after the Quaker fashion, reached almost to his heels; and as he

shuffled along the streets, his hands crossed devoutly over the region of the stomach, his head slightly bent forward, and turning to look neither to the right nor to the left, the boys and idle men called him the 'village ghost.'

'He was not a ghost, however, but a flesh and blood Quaker, with the mildness of disposition which is a second nature to those who wear the gray coat, as will be seen by the following example:

'The old gentleman practised dentistry in his shop, extracting the molars and bicusps of those who were so unfortunate as to come to him. One day, a stout son of the sea came in, his face distorted by a doleful tooth-ache, to have the offending member separated from his substance. The 'Doctor' placed him in the chair, and proceeded to apply the turn-key. He had not exerted his feeble strength many minutes before the antiquated instrument of torture slipped from the tooth with a crash, causing the patient to see more stars than are catalogued in any well-regulated astronomy. It was too much for JACK's philosophy: he drew off and let the doctor have 'one' with such a will, that the unfortunate recipient of the 'one' rolled over in the dust. But here shines out Quaker character in all its radiance: he arose, and after having brushed the dirt from his clothes, and vented his malice in the expression, 'Friend, thee is a very bad man!' proceeded to finish the operation. Poor JACK was so bewildered by such unexpected meekness, that he submitted to the turn-key very quietly, and utterly forgot to utter the accustomed howl upon the exit of the tooth.

'There were two or three graceless apprentices in the shop, who used to worry the poor man almost to death. On one occasion, he had made an appointment with an uneducated person to meet him in his office on a certain day, at a certain hour. It slipped the Doctor's mind, but not the apprentices', who resolved to play a practical joke on the man who was to call. The office was up-stairs, over the shop; and in an adjoining closet were several fine skeletons, surrounded by other medical horrors. The boys took one of these skeletons, placed it in the Doctor's chair by the table, with one of its fleshless hands upon the page of an open book, and tied a pair of goggles over its sightless eyes. Presently the man came in haste, fearing to be late, and was about to rush up-stairs, when one of the conspirators stopped him: 'You had better not go up now,' said he as gravely as a chief-mourner at a funeral: 'the Doctor is engaged.'

'I must see him, though: I came on business, by express appointment.'

'Do you think the Doctor would like to be interrupted now, Jim?' said apprentice Number One.

'I do n't know,' said Jim.

'But the man cut the matter short by rushing up the stairs. In a moment he came tumbling down, and bolted out of the door. The boys laughed at the joke, and took the skeleton away.

'The next day the Doctor was standing in front of his shop, in a speculative mood, when he saw the same person approaching with whom he had made the engagement the day previous. Anxious to finish his business, the apothecary beckoned with his finger for the man to approach. Marks of consternation were depicted on the man's face: he surveyed the vender of drugs from head to foot, as if he had been a demon hot from the world below. Suddenly he broke forth with, 'No, no; I know you, if you have got your clothes on: you do n't get me into your old shop gain!' And he fairly turned and ran away.

'He thought that the skeleton he had seen the day before, was the Doctor, sitting in his study, denuded of his clothing.

Who *would n't* have thought so! - - - THE opening 'ODE' and ORATION at the inauguration of CRAWFORD's Grand Equestrian Statue of WASHINGTON, delivered at Richmond, Virginia, on the twenty-second of February, appear in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' for March. The first is from the pen

of the editor, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., and is admirable, alike in conception and in execution. The four divisions, and the different styles of verse, preventing all monotony of mere sound, was a happy thought of the author. The whole reflects great credit upon Mr. THOMPSON, as a true poet and patriot. We could wish to do it ampler justice by liberal quotation: but the subjoined, from the second division, is all for which we can at present find space:

'THEN came ELOQUENCE, attended by the stately rhythmic choir,  
And from her unfailing altar touched an EVERETT's lips with fire,

'While the voiceless Muse of Sculpture, white and shining, raised her wand,  
And a yet more wondrous cunning straightway thrilled through CRAWFORD's hand,

'And he left his nymphs and HEBES in their sleep of snowy stone,  
With the grand old dreamy beauty of the Greek around them thrown,

'Catching from his theme majestic, in his thought's enkindled glow,  
Something of the forceful purpose, marble-wrought of ANGLO.

'In his quiet Roman work-shop months the sculptor toiled: at length  
All completed rose the model in its glory and its strength.

'Then beyond the Alps they bore it, statue of the deathless name,  
To the distant German city there to be baptized in flame.

'T was a glorious thing to witness, as the swarthy artisan  
Set the fiery torrent free, and seething in the mould it ran:

'But great joy there was in Munich, when the metal, furnace-tried,  
Came to sight a radiant image, perfect then and purified.

'Thus through trials yet intenser and a more refining blaze,  
Passed our hero, pure and scatheless, in the Revolution's days.

'Horse and rider, decked with garlands, now in lengthened jubilee  
Journey through the pleasant Rhineland toward the rolling Zuyder Zee.

'Under quaint and leaning gables stops at last the ponderous wain,  
Where the dykes of Holland's sea-port backward hurl the angry main.

'Every where the youths and maidens thronged to see it moving by,  
Gray-haired sires and matrons cheered it, on its joyous way — and why?

'T was that men of every nation, in our WASHINGTON's career,  
See their own commanding hero yet more gloriously appear.'

The editor of the '*Messenger*' does not award too high praise to Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER's able, dignified, and in portions, extremely eloquent oration, when he pronounces it 'in itself monumental.' It is sufficient to say, that it was worthy of the orator's great theme. Would that poor clay-cold CRAWFORD could have been there to hear — that he could have been there to *see*! But he has 'passed away forever.' - - - THE following shows that 'a good deal may be said on both sides.'

'ABOUT two years ago, in the quiet village of B —, existed a club — no way related to the one wielded by HERCULES, but a peaceful debating club — at whose weekly meetings the lawyers, doctors, ministers, esquires, and many smaller CICEROS of the village, were accustomed to astonish their auditory with eloquent speeches,



impromptu of course, although the question was always selected a fortnight in advance.

'Squire K —, who, like others of his fraternity, was as well known for his rotundity as for windy speeches, gave particular attention to the ministers, being always on the look-out for a chance to 'score' 'those priests,' as he called them. Elder G —, a Baptist minister, had lately moved into the village, and in due time made his first speech in the club, upon the question in hand. Before he had fairly taken his seat, 'Squire K —, purposing to take the 'starch' out of the unsuspecting 'priest,' rose up, eager to reply. He managed, somehow, to lug in his old tirade against 'priestcraft,' and also against 'election,' a doctrine particularly odious to his notions of popular sovereignty. Having, as he thought, pretty nearly annihilated it, to clinch his argument, he added: 'I remember, Mr. Chairman, when a boy, that my father, a good old Scotch deacon, used to flog me thoroughly *twice* a day — once for not learning the Scotch catechism, and once for not believing in election. Sometimes I used to escape on the catechism, but on the election I never missed the regular daily flogging, until I grew up, and then the 'priest' tried every conceivable method to force and scare me into it; but I never believed it, and do not believe it yet. Now I would like to have my new friend, the 'priest,' explain, if he can, why these delectable appliances never drove my tearful and foolish unbelief out of me.'

'There was a murmur of applause as he sat down, and all eyes were turned, with no little curiosity, upon Elder G —, who rose, and very deliberately replied:

'Mr. Chairman: while I sincerely regret the galling misfortunes of my friend the Justice, I can offer no explanation but that recorded in the Scriptures:

'*"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."*

'The house rang with laughter: and 'Squire K — has ever since avoided all allusion either to the 'priest' or to 'election.'  
z. k.'

'A hit — a palpable hit!' - - - We confess to small interest, as we have recently intimated, in any description of the social, domestic, or financial condition, of Grecian Athens, three thousand years ago. And yet we honor the reverence of the scholar for what CARLYLE calls the 'MIND SPRING, resistlessly-streaming, or mildly-welling, in larger or smaller out-goings,' since that era. But, admitting that, in our own case, 'where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise,' it is still some additional consolation to know, that 'not to be the *worst*, stands in some rank of praise.' It is the erudite and classic DOGBERRY who remarks, if we remember rightly, that 'where two men ride a horse, one must take the back seat.' We shall take that, and give place to the distinguished gentleman in one of our 'first circles,' who said to his wife the other evening: 'My dear, I hear much about the 'Age of Pericles: ' what *are* 'Pericles?' (Probably he thought them a species of periwinkle.) Ask Prof. AGASSIZ, of Harvard University: a modest, genial gentleman; and doubtless at this moment the first naturalist in the world. Show him but a simple section of the spinal-column of a '*Pericle*,' and he will pick you clean every bone in his 'multiform body.' - - - THERE is one species of '*Literature*,' so called, that we are glad to see falling into gradual desuetude: we mean *Commentary Literature*, like the writings of that 'turgid goose' GILFILLAN, for instance, whom we 'showed up' at the very first, and who has dwindled to a mere speck. To use an expressive, although perhaps not an over-elegant phrase, he has 'gone in.' Let other ambitious writers of his tribe take warn-

ing by his example. The publishers' 'No; such works *don't sell*, at the present time — we should *rather* not undertake it' — has taught such 'small fry' that they cannot *reflect* the intellect which they would fain *exalt* as a 'first discoverer.' - - - We are willing to wager 'something handsome' that the scene at Tammany-Hall, of which this dialogue formed a part, will be quoted by a portion of the English press as a 'sample of American Political Amenity.' Now, 'mark our word :'

'CAPTAIN RYNDERS again took the floor, but it appeared that several were speaking when he rose :

'RYNDERS : Mr. Chairman ——

'THE CHAIR : 'You are out of order.'

'RYNDERS : 'I am *not* out of order.'

'THE CHAIR : 'Captain RYNDERS will take his seat.'

'RYNDERS : 'I shan't do it.

'THE CHAIR : 'You will take your seat.'

'RYNDERS : 'I won't.'

Very short and very sweet: moreover, the gallant United States Marshal for New-York carried the day. - - - AMONG the promises which we made, on assuming, nearly twenty-five years ago, the control of this Magazine, was one, to the effect that its pages should be kept clear of political, polemical, and sectarian matters, of what kind soever; believing then, as we do now, that there might be one broad neutral ground upon which all could meet, and that LITERATURE furnished that basis. This we have always endeavored to keep in mind, and to 'set it forth and show it accordingly.' We beg our Washington friend, therefore, whose kind note we have received, to believe us when we say, that the '*lapsus*' to which he makes allusion was simply accidental, the result of non-perusal in the proof. Forming a '*pièce de resistance*,' in a remarkably clear 'hand-of-write,' the article in question was seldom revised, save by our best of proof-readers, and then only for literal errors. - - - It saddened us the other day, to read in the '*Times*' daily journal, the account of a little boy, flying his kite in the street, who backed up under an omnibus, and was instantly killed. Poor little fellow! — *we* know how absorbed he was, and why he did not hear the warning voice of the driver. *Apropos* of KITES: materials, adornments, etc., are being collected 'hereaway,' for a KITE to be launched about the middle of April, if it do n't rain, which will be the '*Leviathan*' of its class. Contracts for a reel, linen-twine, etc., were signed and sealed yesterday. - - - 'THEY tell a good story' of LORENZO Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his 'school,' to the effect, that riding once in a stage-coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. 'Oh!' said he, 'that's *my way*: I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!' - - - 'AMUSING myself

with your December issue the other evening,' (writes the friend who told us the capital story of LAMB, now travelling the rounds of the press,) 'I chanced upon *'The Unsatisfied,'* page 577, the last stanza of which reminded me of a very clever impromptu parody that a cousin of mine tore from the blotter of one of the clerks who was under him in the 'Ticket Department' of the 'Navy Pay Office,' at Somerset House. The young fellow's table was contiguous to a window which over-looked the Strand, that great artery of the City leading from east to west. Observing a dashing *fille du pave* accost a youth, evidently as verdant as the holly-bushes which graced the lawns of the 'provinces' whence he came, he 'caught the idea,' and seating himself listlessly at his *escritoire*, he wrote:

'GENTLE Lady! on whose cheek  
Modest blushes sweetly play,  
Tell! O tell me where to seek  
VIRTUE, and her blissful way!

'Thus I said, then mournful sighed,  
Reflecting on this world of sin:  
The gentle Lady softly cried,  
*O come and treat us with some GIN!*'

'What a falling off' was *there!* - - - 'OLD JERRY GARD,' (as we gather at friendly 'second-hand,') of California, a 'Hard-Shell Baptist,' hailing from 'Arkansaw,' was reading an Eastern paper to a company of his neighbors, when he found the item of intelligence, that the grass on the Plains was very poor, or had been destroyed, and it was feared that the emigrants would have a hard time. 'Emigrants? — what's them?' inquired one of the listeners. 'Do n't you know?' asked JERRY. 'No.' 'Do n't you? Do n't you?' asking and receiving a negative answer from each one in turn. 'Well, I'll tell you. Emigrants is a sort of cross between a ground-hog and a gopher, and is very hard on grass!' - - - AGAIN we cry you 'Patience!' Messieurs PUBLISHERS. Two editions of BEATRICE CENCI have appeared, yet we have not been enabled to read either the one or the other: so of many other works, of which our readers shall know more hereafter. - - - THAT was a 'smart' *'Exchange Paper,'* was n't it, which told, as original the just-now-current story of the Quaker, who said to a 'party' who was serenading his daughter: 'Thee has been singing of thy *'Home,'* thy *'sweet Home:'* now if thee *has* such a 'sweet home,' why does n't thee *go* to thy home?' See 'Gossip' from the lips of one who *heard* the 'Friend'-ly suggestion, first published in this Magazine, fourteen years ago. - - - It may be 'late in the day,' but not too late for our gratitude, to say to our exiled city-brothers in Keokuk, Iowa, that our invitation to the 'New-York Supper' of the 'Excelsior Society' of Gothamites in that flourishing city, reached *us* too late for response, when or how-soever it may have been sent. We see, by a capital report in *'The Gate City'* daily journal, that our KNICKERBOCKER compatriots had 'a good time,' and 'good things' to celebrate it. Would we had been there! Let us live in the hope, however, of 'dropping in' upon our friends, among the Keokukites, some pleasant day next summer. - - - THE additional verse — and very beautiful it is — to 'JOHN ANDERSON MY Jo,' mentioned in a late number of

the '*Home Journal*,' as appearing in print for the first time in that sheet, was first published, several years ago, in the KNICKERBOCKER. Our friends of the 'BURNS' CLUB,' who celebrated their anniversary dinner that year at the table of our excellent PRESIDENT, and hospitable host, CHARLES GOULD, Esq., of this city, will not soon forget the verse, nor the manner it was rendered for the first time from the lips of the writer: and *his* copy (it was almost *impromptu*) passed into the next issue of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - The following, by Rev. LEONARD BACON, of New-Haven, although written years ago, will be found to have a present application. Baron MACAULAY will rise to the wind; but no 'noble lord' or bishop will think of 'looking down' upon him:

'THE orator in the House of Commons, whose eloquence adorns and enriches his mother-tongue; the patriot statesman, whose skill guides his country through the storm; the jurist, whose genius and industry have thrown light along the Gothic labyrinths of the law; the warrior, whose exploits, on the deep or on the land, have made 'the meteor flag of England' burn more terrific than before; mounts at least to the peerage, and thus attains the goal of his ambition. And what an ambition! He is a peer indeed; but he comes a *novus homo* into the circle of the old nobility. He is a peer indeed, and is permitted to uphold the decayed aristocracy, by bringing to its aid the vigor of his talents, and the lustre of his performances; but after all, the stupid descendant of some iron-fisted, leaden-headed old baron, of the days of King JOHN; the coroneted gambler, 'whose blood has crept through' titled 'scoundrels ever since' it was ennobled by the TUDORS; yes, and the rowdy profligate who traces his pedigree back to some unmentionable female in the court of CHARLES the Second; takes precedence of him, and blesses himself as of a more illustrious birth than this new-created lord of yesterday. Meanwhile, the man of science and of letters has no hope of rising to so glorious an eminence. The astronomer who writes his name among the constellations; the chemist at whose analyzing touch nature gives up her profoundest secrets; the inventor who gives new arms to labor, new wings to commerce, and new wealth and comforts to mankind; the historian who illuminates his country's annals, and turns into wisdom the experience of past ages; the poet who entrances nations with the spell of song and fable; seeks the *patronage* of the high-born, happy to share that patronage with actors and Italian fiddlers; thrice happy if the king, deeming him fit to stand in the outer court of aristocracy, shall dub him knight, or exalt him to the rank of baronet.'

'Not so' of MACAULAY. - - - Wheeler and Wilson's '*Lock-Stitch Sewing-Machines*,' invented by Mr. A. B. WILSON, have formed an '*American Institution*.' Thousands of our first citizens and the best journals in our land, testify, in a large pamphlet now before us, to their unrivalled excellence, their superiority over any and every other similar machine in the country. The Office is at Number 343 Broadway. - - - An eminent New-England lawyer, named LOUGHEAD, must have been exceedingly gratified with this announcement one morning, in one of the journals of the day: 'We give below the able argument of Mr. DOUGHEAD, on behalf of the commonwealth, delivered in the court of Oyer and Terminer,' etc. DOUGHEAD's 'argument!' - - - Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON, the capable and indefatigable, 'Agent for Libraries,' whose office is in APPLETONS' Building, Broadway, has issued an elaborate '*Literary Letter*,' comprising 'American Papers' of interest, and a Catalogue of the largest collection of *Rare and Valuable Autographs, Coins, Medals, Maps*, etc., relative to America, ever offered for sale. - - - WE have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our old friend, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., on the cover of our present number. He has had long literary experience, and possesses abundant ability to perform all which he promises in the announcement referred to.